Tho. Green

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL ENGLISHED.

Dicitur & noſtros cantare Britannia verſus.
Lib. XI. Ep. 4.

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XUM

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

On Translation in General.

HE that Translates, (does more;
For he must please upon a double Score,
That of his Author first, then on his own,
Hold out compar'd, be Good when read alone.

When he that from his Brain does first endite,
Has paid all Debts, if well he do but write.
Translation then a Comment ought to be,
Not only change the Tongue, but Author free
From Darkness; clear his Sense, sometimes improve:
For if the Second Pen *soars not above*
His lowest Stoops, 'twill ne're that Grace repay,
Which in the Work, too oft, will slip away.
But then, who will translate to this Degree,
Be held the Author's Second Self *to be,*
Must not cleave servilely to ev'ry Phrase,
And think, therein, he has deserv'd the Bays.
Sometimes, tis true, a Word's *an* Epigram,
There he must Sweat, till he express the same
With like Felicity: But on each Word
Who equal Pains and Travel shall afford,

And

And thinks't a Maſtery the ſame to hit,
Will oft ſpend Coſt on Weakneſs 'ſtead of Wit;
Make his Verſe ſtrut, and pride it in that part,
Which was the Author's Shift, perhaps, not Art.
Some things will bear, ſome will require a
Change,
And the chief Purpoſe *will appear leſs ſtrange*
In new Terms, *than its* own. *A nobler Aim*
He will purſue, if he ſhall ſeek a Name,
By keeping of the Force, not Words; the Wit
And Grace, and evermore the Genius *hit,*
That powerful Thing *ſo hard 'tis to expound,*
But in whatever is well Writ, *is found.*

But then no Law with them will e're diſpenſe,
Who wildly ramble from the Author's ſenſe;
Not only ſhift his Phraſe, but leave his way;
Follow not his, but their own Phancies ſway;

Never rememb'ring what they undertook,
Namely, to Engliſh, not to write, a Book.
To ſuch we ſay, Martial *we hop'd to ſee,*
His Epigrams, not thoſe were writ by Thee.

Doſt ask, If I have All *theſe* Rules *obey'd?*
Th'ave been my Aim, *however I have ſtray'd.*



THE



THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

On the Present Translation.

WHo for the Public View employs his Pen,
Writes to as many Judges, as to Men;
To those know more than he, to those know less;
To those are Skill'd, to those can only Guess;

He

He muſt ſubmit (althô he loſe his Cauſe)
To trifling Phancies, as to equal Laws:
Nay, and as if th' Objections were too few,
Himſelf, againſt Himſelf, muſt find out new
And curious, ſuch as much Pains have taught,
And great Experience only could have brought:
And anſw'ring all, he's yet not free'd from Fear:
For when thus arm'd at ev'ry Point, ev'n where
He leaſt does think of Wounds, the fatal Steel
(Thô like Achilles *dip't) will find his Heel.*
Thus I am charg'd ——

Cenſ.] — *From th' Author thou doſt range,*
His Senſe abridge, enlarge, and ſometimes change.
Tranſ.] *If, as thou ſayſt, I did not ſomtimes ſtray.*
I oft ſhould loſe the end, to keep the way;
And thô, my Author to Tranſlate, might boaſt,
His Wit would vaniſh, and his Drift be loſt.

Again,

Again, where he delights to paint that Sin,
The Heathen World were ſo engulfed in,
If any 'ſcap'd the Knowlege of't before,
I lik'd not that my Pen ſhould teach him more.
Cenſ.] *But while this Sin thou fondly doſt deteſt,*
Thou ſlight'ſt his ſmarteſt Epigrams, and beſt.
Tranſ.] *Who ſhall Tranſlate* Martial's *Licentious Rage,*
Unleſs he alſo could tranſlate the Age,
In which he liv'd, with Vice it would him oppreſs,
VVho never 'gainſt Decorum *did tranſgreſs.*
Cenſ.] *Thou ſhouldſt have let the VVork then quite alone.*
Tranſ.] *O candid* Cenſor! *in amends for one*
Default, how many noble Precepts ſhine,
How many ſharp Reproofs enrich each Line?
VVhen the flat Preacher does Exhort in vain,
A thouſand Vices by his Verſe are ſlain,

And

And Virtues taught: Men rather would be dead
Than in his Poems branded, or ill read.
Cenſ.] *Oft thou inſerteſt Verſes of thine own,*
Ambitious that the Author them ſhould own.
Tranſ.] *If in ſome parts I have the Text enlarg'd,*
My Margent's fair, & with few Notes is charg'd.
Nor do I rove from the preſcrib'd Intent,
But plainer ſhew, what 'twas the Poet meant:
Which Gloſſes, thô not Children of his Brain,
Yet for his Childrens Children may be ta'en.
And who, the Latin, *vainly, ſhall contend*
In as few Engliſh *words to comprehend,*
Againſt this Evil he will never fence,
But render oft a cramp't abortive Senſe.

Heaps of dry Names, in part too, I omit,
When more they clogg, than they advance, the Wit:

Cuſtoms,

Cuſtoms, again, I change, when exolete,
Coins, names of Fiſhes, Fowls, & various Meat,
Of which, beſt Criticks doubt, althô they treat,
When to ſpeak English, *is impos'd my Task,*
Tis fooliſh to affect a Latin *Maſk.*
And, learned Reader, *thou wert not my Care*
In this, who canſt th' Original *compare,*
But thoſe who only do the Engliſh *know,*
And further than I lead them, cannot go.

Cenſ.] *Th' Epigrams thou *diſorder'ſt without Cauſe.*

Tranſ.] *Nor for their Order know I any Laws:*
If Phancy place a few, Reaſon can none;
Beſide, of fifteen Books, I make but one.

Cenſ.] *Thy Verſe is rough and harſh* ——

Tranſ.] —— *With this diſpenſe,*
I forfeit Number oft, to give thee Senſe.

* They were put in order ſince the writing this Preface.

And

And Metre too, it fuller to impart,
Thô I proclaim thereby my want of Art.
And oft the Craggy Epigramick Strain
Will not allow a ſmooth Maronian *Vein:*
And who a flowing Verſe ſhall here affect,
The Sting, *the* Force, *the* Genius, *muſt neglect.*
Cenſ.] *Then to this Paradox we muſt agree,*
Epigrammatiſt and Poet none can be.
Tranſ.] *No; but this Truth, by whomſoever ſpoke,*
Martial *and* Virgil *tis in vain to yoke.*
Cenſ.] *All who this Work have hitherto eſſay'd,*
Martial *have not tranſlated, but betray'd;*
Debas'd his Muſe, and all the Good th'ave done,
Th'ave foreſtall'd others, and no Glory won.
Tranſ.] *The vain Attempts of ſuch as go before,*
The Generous and Brave encourage more;

And

And more Illuſtrious ſtill is his Renown,
Who takes, when many are repuls'd, the Town.
But here is no foreſtalling in the Caſe,
Ev'ry new Pen may ſtart, and ſhew, new Grace.
The Wits *of Old would ſhare among a Score*
One Epigram, and thought their Pains ſo poor,
That Tryal yet was left for Hundreds more.
And if thou'lt ſhew the Age, by doing better,
Nought yet is done, it will remain thy Debtor.
Cenſ.] *But few Epigrams, and not choſen well,*
Thou to the VVorld preſent'ſt ——
Tranſ.] —— *Thoſe that Excel*
To nobler Pens I leave; which I wiſh may
Far out-do mine, and ev'ry weak Eſſay
The VVorld has known. Nor ſhall I grieve to ſee,
On this Account, my Leaves condemn'd to be

Man-

Mantles for Soap and Spice, Carpets for Pyes,
While the Illustrious Piece *in the Desk lyes,*
Adorn'd with Art and Cost, rich Gilt and Strung,
Th' Applause and Joy of ev'ry Ear and Tongue.



SELECT



SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL ENGLISHED.

LIB. Spectac.

Epigr. 1. *On* Cæsar's *Amphitheatre.*

EGYPT, forbear thy Pyramids to praise,
A barb'rous Work up to a Wonder raise;
Let *Babylon* cease th' inceſſant Toyl to prize,
Which made her Walls to ſuch immenſneſs riſe;

Nor let th' *Epheſians* boaſt the curious Art,
Which Wonder to their Temple does impart.
Delos diſſemble too the high Renown,
Which did thy Horn-fram'd Altar lately crown;
And *Caria* to vaunt thy Mauſoleum ſpare,
Sumptuous for Coſt, and yet for Art more rare,
As not borne up, but pendulous i'th' Air:
All Works to *Cæſar*'s Theatre give place,
This Wonder *Fame* above the Seven does grace.

Ep. 2. *On the Publick Works.*

Where the Etherial *Coloſs* does appear,
The towring Machin to the Stars draw near,
The hated Court, which ſo much Bloud did ſpill,
Late ſtood; one Houſe the City ſeem'd to fill!
Where the ſtupendious Theatre's vaſt Pile
Is rear'd, there *Nero*'s Fiſh-ponds were e're-while.
Here, where the Baths, a great, yet ſpeedy, Gift,
All Men admire, (the People left to ſhift
For Dwellings) late was a proud ample Space,
Reſerv'd to boaſt an inſolent State and Grace.

Where

Where now a goodly Tarras does extend,
The City both with Shade and Walks befriend,
Was but the Courts fagg and expiring End.
Rome's to it ſelf reſtor'd; in *Cæſar*'s Reign,
The Prince's Joys, the People do obtain.

Ep. 3. *To* Cæſar *exhibiting Shows.*

What Land's ſo barb'rous, *Cæſar*, ſo remote,
Whoſe Natives come not to admire thy Court?
Rough *Thracians* from *Hemus* hither ſpeed,
Fierce *Tartars*, who on Fleſh of Horſes feed;
Who the *Nile* drink at the firſt Spring and Head,
Britains from utmoſt *Thule* hither led;
Arabs make haſte, *Cilicians* poſting come,
And in their Saffron Showres are drench'd at *Rome*;
Germans with rolling Locks in knots up furl'd,
Ethiops after a diff'rent manner curl'd.
Various their Voices ſound, but Hearts, we ſee,
And the whole Jargon, does in One agree,
When *Father of thy Country* All ſtyle thee.

Ep. 4. To Cæsar, *upon his baniſhing Informers.*

The hateful Crew to Peace and ſweet Repoſe,
Informers, anxious Wealth's moleſting Foes,
(The Lions not ſufficing to deſtroy
The Num'rous Caitives, that did all annoy)
To th'Iſles, and furtheſt *Affrica* are ſent,
And thoſe who caus'd, now ſuffer, Baniſhment.
Thus while from *Rome*, ſad Exiles, they do ſtray,
Even Life, 'mong *Cæſar*'s Boons, we reckon may.

Ep. 6. To Cæsar, *on a Woman's fighting with a Lion.*

'Tis not enough in this our Martial Age,
That Men do conquer, Women War dare wage.
Among the Nobleſt Acts *Fame* does reſound,
Alcides laid a Lion on the Ground.
Let Fables ceaſe; *Cæſar*, at thy Command,
This hath been acted by a Female Hand.

Ep.

Ep. 10. *On a Lion that hurt his Keeper.*

A trait'rous Lion on his Keeper flew,
Daring in ſuch known Hands his Teeth t'embrew:
But Vengeance, worthy of his Crime, he found,
Who bore not Stripes, was forc'd to bear a Wound.
To ſuch a Prince what Manners ought Men ſhow,
Who Beaſts commands a Gratitude to know?

Ep. 12. *On a Sow that farrow'd through a Wound ſhe receiv'd.*

I'th' publick Huntings *Cæſar* did allow,
A Jav'lin ſwift transfix'd a pregnant Sow.
Straight from the wounded Dam the Litter ſprung.
Lucina, call'ſt thou this, to bring forth Young?
The dying Sow wiſh'd, that her Wounds were more,
That Iſſues had been made for all her Store.
Who denies *Bacchus* from the Womb was torn?
A God might well, when Beaſts this way were born.

Ep. 13. *On the ſame.*

A Pregnant Sow, pierc'd with a deadly Blow,
Her Life at once did loſe, and Life beſtow.
How ſure an Aim did the dire Steel command!
Lucina, 'twas believ'd to be thy Hand:
For dying, both thy Deities ſhe found,
The Huntreſs, and the Midwife, in her Wound.

Ep. 4. *On the ſame.*

A Sow, her Litter ready to have laid,
Was by a fatal Stroke a Mother made;
The Young, not ſtaying Birth, ran forth the Wound,
How quick a Wit in ſudden Streights is found!

Ep. 15. *On* Carpophorus.

A Boar, which gave *Meleager* ſo great Name,
Makes but a Shred, *Carpoph'rus*, of thy Fame:
Who a vaſt Bear, ruſhing upon him, ſlew,
The Northern Clime a fiercer never knew;

A Lion, which became *Alcides* hand,
Of immenſe Bulk he laid upon the Sand;
Alſo a Pard: And when the Prize was won,
He ſtill was freſh, and could yet more have done.

Ep. 16. *On an Hercules carry'd to the Clouds upon a Bull.* 8

That from the Stage a Bull towards Heav'n did fly,
Was not th'Exploit of Art, but Deity.
A Bull *Europa* through the Surges bore,
But with *Alcides* now 'bove Clouds doth ſoar.
The Fact of *Cæſar*, and of *Jove*, compare,
Which of the two ſhall we pronounce moſt Rare?
Suppoſe the Burdens even, althô not true,
The Lighter-loaded ſwam, the Heavier flew.

Ep. 17. *On an Elephant's kneeling to* Cæſar. 14

That Thee an Elephant ſuppliant did adore,
Who ſtroke with Terror a fierce Bull before,

To's Keeper's Art cannot imputed be;
We muſt aſcribe it to thy Deity.

Ep. 18. *On a Tiger's killing a Lyon.*

The rare-ſeen Glory o'th' *Hyrcanian* Land,
A Tiger, wont to lick his Maſter's hand,
In pieces tore a Lion in his Rage,
A thing not known before in any Age.
He durſt not this Attempt in Foreſts high,
Beaſts among Men learn greater Cruelty.

LIB. I.

Epigr. 1. *To* Cato.

WHen thou the Wanton Rites of *Flora*'s Feaſt
Didſt know, the Peoples Licenſe then expreſt,
Why cam'ſt thou in, ſour *Cato*, 'mong the Rout?
Did'ſt enter only, that thou might'ſt go out?

Ep. 2. Martial *to the Reader.*

He whom thou read'ſt, is he by thee deſir'd,
Martial, throughout the World known and admir'd
For his keen Epigrams: And unto whom
Th'indulgent Reader did the Laurel doom,
While yet he liv'd, and could enjoy his Fame:
When others after Death ſcarce get a Name.

Ep. 4. *To his Book.* 3

In publick Hands thy ſelf thou'dſt rather ſee,
'Advent'rous Book, than longer ſtay with me.
Thou skill'ſt not, ah, the Pride Great *Rome* will ſhow,
Truſt me, the Sons of *Mars* too much do know:
No where both Young and Old ſo practiſe Scorn,
Even Children ſhew *Rhinoceros*'s Horn.
While loud Applauſes, and Reception fair,
Thou hop'ſt, they'l, ſcoffing, toſs thee in the Air.
But thou impatient Blots to undergo,
And my Pens ſharp Corrections ſtill to know,
Thou ſeek'ſt thro' the wide World, *Wanton*, to rome?
Go then, but ſafer 'twere to ſtay at Home.

Ep. 5. *To* Cæſar. 4

If my Book, *Cæſar*, comes into thy Hand,
Lay by thoſe Looks, which do the World command.
When thou in Triumph rid'ſt, thou doſt ſubmit,
To be the Subject of the Soldier's Wit.

My

My Verſes read with ſo Serene a Face,
As *Thymele* and *Latine* thou doſt Grace:
The *Cenſor* does with harmleſs Paſtime bear,
My Leaves are wanton, but my Life's ſevere.

Ep. 9. *To* Decian. IX

Conſummate *Cato*'s, and great *Thraſea*'s Strain,
As far as Prudence goes, thou doſt maintain,
And not thy Breaſt on naked Swords doſt run;
What Men judge beſt, that, *Decian*, thou haſt done;
He's not approv'd, who cheaply dyes for Fame:
But, without Death, who gets a Glorious Name.

Ep. 11. *On* Gemellus *and* Maronilla. XI

Gemellus Maronilla fain would wed,
Aſpires by Pray'rs, by Gifts, unto her Bed,
By Friends, by Tears: So wond'rous Fair is ſhe?
Nothing, that lives, can more Deformed be.
What is't that pleaſes then, and takes his Eye?
She's rich, and coughs, & gives good hopes ſhe'l Dye.

Ep.

Ep. 14. *On* Arria *and* Petus. 14

When *Arria* to her *Petus* gave the Sword,
With which her chaſt and faithful Breſt ſh'ad gor'd,
Truſt me, ſaid ſhe, that I my ſelf have ſlain,
I do not grieve, 'tis thy Death gives me Pain.

Ep. 19. *To* Tucca. 19

Tucca, what ſtrange Delight is this of thine,
To mix the Nobleſt with the Vileſt Wine?
What ſo great Good, from th' Vile, didſt e're receive?
Or of what Good did th' Noble thee bereave?
Our Throats to cut, may no great Matter be:
To ſlay *Falernum* is a high Degree
Of Murder, rich *Campanian* Wine t' abuſe,
I'th' Gen'rous Grape rank Poiſon to infuſe.
Thy Gueſts may poſſibly deſerve their Bane:
Such Precious Liquor, cannot, to be Slain.

Ep. 22. *To* Cæcilian.

What Brutiſhneſs is this? when Friends you treat,
They looking on, alone you Muſhroms eat.
On ſuch Gluttony what Curſe ſhall I implore?
May'ſt *Claudius's* Muſhroms eat, and ne're eat more.

Ep. 22. *On* Mucius Scevola.

When, for the King, his Scribe bold *Mucius* ſlew,
In Flames, in ſtead of Bloud, he did embrew
His erring Hand. The Foe, nor ſteel'd to ſee
A Prodigy ſo fell, bad him *Go free.*
What *Mucius*, in contempt of Pain, was bold
To act, *Porſena* fainted to behold.
His Failing Hand thus Greater Glory found,
Had he not Err'd, he had been leſs Renown'd.

Ep. 26. *On* Fauſtinus.

At length, *Fauſtinus*, let the World obtain,
The poliſh'd Pieces of thy learned Brain:

Which

Which the *Athenian* Schools would not diſpraiſe,
And our old Sages to the Stars will raiſe!
Doſt doubt, t'admit *Fame* ſtanding at thy Gate?
Thy Labours juſt Reward to bear, doſt hate?
That which will *after*, *in* thy Time let live;
Too late men Praiſe unto our Aſhes give.

Ep. 34. *On* Galla.

Galla, alone, her Father's Death ne're weeps,
When any come, in Tears her Cheeks ſhe ſteeps.
That, *Galla*, is not Grief, for Praiſe is ſhown;
She truly Grieves, that grieves when ſhe's alone.

Ep. 36. *To* Cornelius.

Cornelius, thou complain'ſt, I Verſes write
So looſe and wanton, Maſters they affright
From reading in the Schools. But theſe my Books,
Without this Looſneſs, pleaſe none on them looks,
More than the Marr'age-Bed, without Due Rites,
The Sob'reſt Man, or Chaſteſt Wife delights.

Thou

Thou may'ſt ſay too, A Nuptial Song endite,
But in the Nuptial Language do not write.
Who e're did *Flora* gravely dreſs before?
Or put a Matron's Stole upon a Whore?
To Epigrams much Licenſe is allow'd,
Nor pleaſe they, ſpeaking always in a Cloud.
Wherefore lay by thy Grave and Sourer Mind,
And judge my *Sportive Muſe* in her own Kind;
Geld not my Verſe; for foul is his Miſtake,
Who a *Priapus*, *Cybel*'s Prieſt, would make.

Ep. 39. *On* Fidentinus. 33

The Book, *Fidentine*, which thou read'ſt, is mine;
But while thou read'ſt it Ill, thou mak'ſt it thine.

Ep. 41. *To the Envious.* 35

Who read'ſt theſe Lines, from ranc'rous Spleen not (free,
May'ſt Envy all, and none e're Envy thee.

Ep.

Ep. 43. *On* Porcia. 37

When *Brutus* death Fame unto *Porcia* brought,
And Friends withheld the Arms, her Sorrow sought.
I thought, said she, my *Father, when he dy'd, *Cato.
Taught ye, *That Death to none can be deny'd.*
She spoke; and greedily devour'd the Fire:
Go now, officious Troop, vainly conspire
The Weapons to deny, my Grief desire.

Ep. 54. *To* Fidentine. 47

I'th' whole Book th'ast filcht from me, one Page alone
Is thine, and to be thine is so well known,
It all the rest proclaims to be purloin'd.
So greasy home-spun Cloth to Scarlet joyn'd,
Its Lustre as it wrongs, and does defile,
It self it also renders the more Vile:
So Earthen Cups, with Chrystal, set in place,
The worse they suit, the more themselves disgrace:

In

In Conſort thus ridiculous does ſhow,
Among the Milk-white Swans, a Raſcal Crow:
Thus in the Groves where Nightingales reſound,
The chatt'ring Pies th'harmonious Notes confound.
I need no Critick's Aid for my Relief,
Thy own vile Verſe rights Me, and calls Thee Thief.

Ep. 55. To Fuſcus. 48

If th'aſt room to admit a Friend yet more,
Fuſcus, on all ſides throng'd with Friends before,
I beg the place: And do not me refuſe,
Becauſe I'm new, into the Liſt to chuſe.
Thoſe that now boaſt, thy oldeſt Friends they are,
Had once a time, when they but new Ones were.
Look only thou, if he that now does ſue
To be thy Friend, may prove an Old and True.

Ep. 56. To Fronto. 49

Wouldſt thou know what my higheſt Wiſhes are,
Fronto, the Glory both of Peace and War?

They are, To plough my Own, the little, Field;
Small Means to have, w^ch may much Leasure yield.
Will any Wife, the Morning *dew* pay
To frozen Marbles, e're the break of Day,
Who may unfold, before his Fire, and warm,
Nets loaden from his small, but fruitfull, Farm?
Or with his Line may take the Fish alive?
Fetch Amber Honey from the dropping Hive?
Whose Propt-up Table by his Hinde is prest?
With his own Cates, which unbought Fewel drest?
May they not love this Life, that love not me,
But Aged grow in City-drudgery.

Ep. 58. *To* Flaccus. 51

Wouldst know what Temper I, to love, would chuse?
What Maid I like, and what I would refuse?
I neither like the Facile, nor the Coy;
The Over-hard, or Easy to enjoy.
A Mean, 'twixt both, I rather do approve,
She that nor Racks, nor Cloys, the Sweets of Love

Ep. 63. On Levina.

Levina chaft as *Sabine* were of old,
Than her ſtrict Husband yet more ſtrict and cold:
While in the Common Baths ſhe did deſcend,
And in thoſe Freedoms many hours did ſpend,
She fell in Love; in the cold Streams took Fire;
And burning with a Youth in looſe Deſire,
She left her Husband, and her Virtuous Name,
Helen went thence, *Penelope* that came.

Ep. 64. On Celer.

Celer, to read my Epigrams, does crave:
But to recite his own's, the thing he'd have.

Ep 65. To Fabulla.

Th'art Fair and Young, *Fabulla*, it is true,
And alſo Rich, to give thee but thy Due:
But when of theſe thou doſt ſo often vaunt,
Wealth, Youth, & Beauty, none ſo much does want;

Ep. 67. To one that ſtole his Verſes.

Thou ſordid Felon of my Verſe and Fame,
So cheap doſt hope to get a Poet's Name,
As by the Purchaſe barely of my Book?
For ten vile Pence Eternal Glory rook?
Find out ſome Virgin Poem ne're ſaw day,
Which wary Writers in their Desks do lay
Lock'd up, and known unto themſelves alone;
Not one with Uſing torn, and ſordid grown.
A *Publiſh'd Work* can ne're the Author change,
Like one ne're paſs'd the Preſs, that ne're did range
The World trimly bound up: And ſuch I'll ſell,
Give me my Price, nor will the Secret tell,
He that another's Wit and Fame will own,
Muſt Silence buy, and not a Book that's known.

Ep. 68. To Chœrilus.

Thou blam'ſt me often, that I write too free;
I ſeem to do ſo, when I write of *Thee.

*Who art ſo notoriouſly Vitious.

Ep. 69. *On* Rufus. 61

All *Rufus* Thoughts and Actions *Nevia* fill,
His Grief, Joy, Silence, all ſpeak *Nevia* ſtill;
Wher e're he feaſts, drinks, *Nevia*'s in's Speech alone,
He wants all Pow'rs, if *Nevia* makes not one.
Meaning to wiſh his Father *the Good Day*,
Nevia my Light, *Ave*, his Tongue did ſay!
When *Nevia* this did read, ſhe cloſely ſmil'd,
Nevia's not thine alone; why doſt thou rave, be-
(guil'd?

Ep. 77. *To* Flaccus. 66

Tho 'mong the Nobleſt Poets thou haſt place,
Flaccus, the Offſpring of *Antenor*'s Race;
Renounce the *Muſes* Songs, and charming Quire,
Not one of them Enrich thoſe they inſpire.
Court not *Apollo*, *Pallas* has the Gold,
She's wiſe, and does the Gods in morgage hold.
What Profit is there in an Ivy Wreath?
Its Fruits the loaden Olive ſinks beneath!

In *Helicon* there's nought but Springs and Bays,
The *Muses* Harps, loud-sounding empty Praise.
What with *Pernassus*'s Streams hast thou to do?
The *Roman Forum*'s rich, and nearer too;
There the Cash chinks: But 'bout the Poet's Chair
The Smacks of Kisses only fill the Air.

Ep. 79. *On* Festus. 67

When a foul Gangren seiz'd on *Festus* Face,
And the black Venom spread o're all the place;
With unwet Eyes, his weeping Friends he told,
Th' Infernal Shades he purpos'd to behold.
But then his Pious Throat he did not stain
With Poison, nor chuse Famin's ling'ring pain:
But by a *Roman* Death he did Decree,
(The noblest way) to set his Spirit free.
Far more Renoun'd was his, than *Cato*'s Fate;
Cato was *Cesar*'s Foe, but he his Friend.

Ep. 85. *On* Quirinus, *a Roman Knight.*

Quirinus likes by no means to be wed,
Yet Fruit desires, and has, o'th' Marr'age Bed.
How can this be? His Maids can solve the Doubt,
By whom he has of Young Slave-Knights a rout
To stock his Farm and Fields. Truly may he
Be styl'd, The Father of his Family.

Ep. 87. *On* Novius.

Novius so very near my Neighbour is,
That from my Window my Hand reaches his.
Who does not envy me, that in my pow'r
Have thus a Friend t'enjoy at ev'ry hour?
But *Rufus* is not more remote to me,
Who now in *Egypt* does command, than he.
We never meet: Nor in the Town there are,
However near, yet any Two so far.
'Tis requisite, that either he, or I,
Further remove, but so to bring us nigh.

For he that wiſhes *Novius* ne're to ſee,
Let him his Neighbour, or his Inmate, be.

Ep. 88. *To* Fecennia. 74

Leſt thy o're-nights Debauch thy Breath diſcloſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt, *Fecennia*, on us to impoſe
By eating rich Paſteels, and Amber Plums,
Theſe fur thy Teeth: But when the foul Belch comes
From thy crude Maw, they help thee in no wiſe,
But the Stink's ſtronger made by this Diſguiſe,
Doubl'd, and trebl'd, and does further go.
When thus, thy Tricks diſcover'd, all do know,
Henceforth, to free us from this Compound Stink,
Be Sober, or elſe more avow'dly Drink.

Ep. 90. *To* Cinna. 76

Cinna, th' art ever whiſp'ring in the Ear,
And whiſp'ring that w^ch^ all the World may hear.
Thou laugh'ſt i'th' Ear, weep'ſt, quarrell'ſt, doſt diſpute,
Thou ſigh'ſt in the Ear, doſt hollow, and art mute:

So

So far th'art gone in this Diſeaſe, I ſwear,
Thou praiſeſt *Ceſar* often in the Ear.

Ep. 100. *To one that grew Sordid upon obtaining great Riches.* 83

When yet thou wert not worth an Hundred Pound,
So Gen'rous, ſo Noble, thou wert found,
So Sumptuous, that it was the VViſh of all,
Calenus, an Eſtate might thee befal,
Suiting thy Mind. The Gods our Pray'rs did hear,
And leſs than in the Compaſs of a Year,
Vaſt Wealth, by four dead Friends, was to thee left:
But thou (as if of thouſands now bereft,
And not enrich'd) ſo ſordid ſtraight didſt grow,
That in a Solemn Feaſt thou didſt beſtow
(Which Annual was, and ſeven old Friends did treat)
A pound of Leaden Coyn, for all thy Meat.
VVhat does this Baſeneſs bid us next to pray?
The Gods would ſnatch their Ill-plac't Wealth away?

No:

No: But to give thee many Thouſands more,
That ſtarve thou may'ſt out-right in ſo much Store.

Ep. 104. *On the like.*

Thou ſaidſt, when yet thou hadſt not a Knight's-Fee,
If Heav'n would grant four thouſand Pounds to me,
Oh, in what Eaſe, what Splendor, I would live!
The eaſie Gods ſmil'd, and the Sum did give.
But then thy Gown was ſordid, Cloke thread-bare,
Shoos, thrice & four-times clouted, thou didſt wear;
Of poor ten Olives, ſeven were ſtill ſet up;
On the ſame Meat thou uſed'ſt twice to Sup;
Lees of Wine ſerv'd thee, which *Vientus* bore;
A peny-worth of Pulſe, a Peny Whore.
Cheat, we'l ſue thee: Live better, or refund
Unto the Gods, th'aſt mock'd, four thouſand Pound.

Ep. 108. *To* Lucius Julius.

Oft, Noble *Lucius*, thou doſt this repeat,
Th'art Idle, Martial, *ſomething write that's Great.*

Then

Then give me Eaſe, ſuch as *Mecenas* gave,
When the like Work from *Virgil* he would have;
I'll frame a Verſe with ſuch Immortal Flame,
As to all Ages ſhall preſerve my Name.
The Yoke does pinch, that's borne in Barren Soyl,
The Rich Ground tires, but Sweeter is the Toyl.

110. *On* Iſſa, *a little Bitch.*

Iſſa's Toyings wittier are,
Than thoſe of *Lesbia*'s Sparrow were.
Iſſa's Careſſes, and her Loves,
Are purer than the Billing Doves.
Than Virgins ſhe's more Soft and Nice,
Than richeſt Gems of higher Price.
Bitch *Iſſa* is to *Publius* dear,
Bitch *Iſſa* has no where her Peer.
Her Whining you would Speaking deem,
She, her Lords Cares to know, does ſeem.
Thô in his Neck, cloſe to his Ear
She ſleeps, no Breathing he can hear.

When ſhe has need her ſelf to Eaſe,
Her Lord ſhe courts, that he would pleaſe
To ſet her down, and gently ſcrapes;
Be ſure, no Drop from her eſcapes.
To *Venus* ſhe was ne're inclin'd,
And hard a Husband 'twere to find
So ſoft a Bride. Leſt Death's ſad Day
Should wholly raviſh her away,
Publius caus'd her drawn to be,
And *Iſſa* you ſo like may ſee,
(Do but the Piece with Her compare)
Iſſa her-ſelf you'ld think were there:
So rare is Arts and Natures Strife,
Both Pictures ſeem, and both ſeem Life.





LIB. II.

Ep. 3. *To* Sextus.

Sextus says, nought he owes, and so I say.
He only Owes, who knows which way to Pay.

Ep. 5. *To* Decianus.

Decianus, may I never happy be,
If Night and Day I could not spend with thee:
But two long Miles unto thy House do lead,
Which are made four, when them I backward tread:
Oft thou art not at Home, and oft deny'd;
To thy self vacant, or to Business ty'd.
To see thee's not much to walk Two Miles o're,
But not to see thee's Grievous to walk Four.

Ep. 8. *To the Reader.* 7

If in my Leaves ought, *Reader*, to thee seem
Obscure, or which less *Latin* thou dost deem,
To th' Printer these impute, not me: Who while
More Books he hasts to vend, cares not how vile.
If yet thou think'st not him, but me to blame,
Thou fear'st not want of Candor to proclaim.
But still my Verse, for nought, thou dost decry,
As if what's manifest I would deny.
Nought be they then: But them for good Ones take,
Till thou dost shew, that thou canst better make.

Ep. 10. *On* Posthumus. 8

That but with half a Lip thou me dost kiss,
I like; and can spare thee yet half of this:
Would'st thou unexpressible Kindness show?
Thy whole-half-Kiss keep, or elsewhere bestow.

Ep. 11. *To* Selius. 9

That such a Cloud you see in *Selius* Face,
His treading late alone a mournful Pace;
His pensive Looks concealing Grief profound,
That bows him, till his Nose even rakes the ground;
Makes him oft beat his Breast, and his Locks tear:
No Death of Friends has caus'd this sad Despair,
His Wife's in health, his Sons are both alive,
And longer, than he would, like to survive;
By Bayliff, Tenant, he has had no loss,
Nor any way, that's known, receiv'd a Gross.
Why Droops he then, and makes so sad a Moan?
Alas! he, uninvited, Sups at Home.

Ep. 12. *On* Posthumus. 10

Why does thy Breath always of Amber smell?
And without Foreign Scents th'art never well.
It justly, *Posthumus*, may be presum'd,
He ever Stinks, who ever is Perfum'd.

Ep.

Ep. 13. *On* Sextus. 11

While *Sextus* did refuſe his Debts to pay,
Both Judge and Advocate bore Bribes away.
Now to diſcharge all Scores, he makes no ſtay.

Ep. 14. *On* Selius. 12

Nothing does *Selius* unattempted leave,
When, he's to Sup at home, he does conceive.
He trots to th'Race; where, *Paulus*, he will ſwear,
Thy Feet are ſwifter than *Achilles* were.
Nothing here got, the Place of Votes he tryes,
If ought will come from the *Æſonides*.
Where failing too; to th'*Memphian** Temple next,
Near the *Sad Heifer*, the Calves-head ſits perplext.
Thence runs to th'Porch a hundred Props ſuſtain,
To *Pompey*'s Arch and Groves: Nor does diſdain
The Vulgar Baths, which *Gryllus*, *Lupus*, keep,
One on the Hill, the other low and deep:

* *This was alſo a place of great Reſort in* Rome.

Where

Where having bath'd in all, and all in vain,
No pity'ng God fav'ring his Glutt'nous Pain,
Back to the Race he flyes, to ſee, if there
Some Friend be yet, taking the Evening Air.
Th'adjoyning Porch of various Paintings full,
Shews fair *Europa* borne upon a Bull.
Jove, I adjure thee, by the Virgin bright,
Make forlorn *Celius* thy * own Gueſt this Night.

* *That is, Kill him, to Sup with the Gods, was a Phraſe among the Heathen, to be Dead.*

Ep. 15. *On one that had a Sore Mouth.* 13

That when th'aſt drunk, thou offer'ſt none thy Glaſs,
Ought not for Pride, but for good Breeding paſs.

Ep. 16. *On* Zoilus. 14

Zoilus is ſick; his Rich Stuff makes him ſo:
If he were well, what ſhould his Scarlets do?
His Bed from *Nile*, his Hangings dy'd at *Tyre*?
He's ſick, we may his Sottiſh Wealth admire.

Dismiss the Doctors, the *Machaons* all,
To make him well, for my Rug only call.

Ep. 20. *To* Paullus. 17

Poems thou buy'st, and read'st them for thine own,
What's bought, is thine, can be deny'd by none.

Ep. 21. *On* Posthumus. 18

Some thou dost kiss, to some extend thy Hand.
Which Grace seek I? The last I do demand.

Ep. 22. *On the same.* 19

O *Phœbus*, and the Charming Sisters nine!
I will no longer drive with you a Trade,
Or hold in Price the merry Muse of Nine,
Who me her Poet lately has betray'd.
Posthume with one Kiss us'd to let me go,
Pleas'd with my Verse, now many doth bestow.

Ep. 23. On the same.

No; thô thou beggʼst a thousand times to know,
Who ʼtis by Name of *Posthumus* does go,
I will not tell. What need I to offend
Such Kisses, and their Fury ʼgainst me bend?

Ep. 24. To Candidus.

By unjust Verdict wert thou Guilty found,
To thy Misfortune I'd be strictly bound.
Wert thou condemn'd thy Native Soyl to leave,
Thrô Seas, thrô Rocks, I'd to the Banish'd cleave.
But thy Lots, Wealth: Here shall I also share?
Wilt thou give half? ʼTis much, if ought thou spare.
In Suffʼring, I may be admitted One,
But Happy, *Candidus*, thou'lt be Alone.

Ep. 25. On Galla.

Galla to none makes good, to all says, I.
If thou speakʼst always False, to me deny.

Ep. 26. *To* Bithynicus. 23

That *Nevia* coughs, and groans, and finds no Reſt,
Letting the Slaver fall upon her Breaſt;
Thou hop'ſt, *Bithynicus*, her Hour is nigh:
Nevia Flatters, ſhe does not mean to Dye.

Ep. 30. *On* Caius. 26

To borrow of a Friend, I did entreat,
A Sum, which had he Given, had not been Great.
'Twas one, whoſe Cheſts, brim-ful of Unbag'd Caſh,
Being clapt to, do Eccho with the Laſh.
But he reply'd, Wouldſt Plead, enough thou'dſt have.
Spare Counſel, *Caius*, give me what I crave.

Ep. 31. *On* Ponticus. 27

Balbus ſues me; 'gainſt him thou nought dar'ſt do.
Licinius next; but he's a Great Man too.
Patrobas oft treſpaſſes on my Field:
He's *Cæſar*'s Freeman, 'tis beſt here to yield.

La-

Laronia my Servant does deny:
She's rich, old, childless, ev'ry hour may dye.
His Patronage, it little boots, to crave,
Who to so many is himself a Slave.

Ep. 37. *On* Cecilianus. 30

What e're was serv'd of Souce, thou didst purloin,
A young Sow's Unctuous Paps, a Porker's Chine,
A fat Heath-poult, for two design'd a Dish,
A whole Mullet, and half another Fish,
Tame Pigeons dropping fat, a Hen with Egg,
A piece of Lampry, and a Capon's Leg.
All which, sto'd in a Clout, committed were
Unto thy Boy, that Home he them should bear.
We, in the mean time, the Idle Guests do sit,
And of a costly Feast scarce taste a Bit.
If any Shame thou hast, restore our Meat:
To Morrow I design'd not thee to Treat.

Ep. 38. *To* Linus. 31

What my Farm yields me, doſt thou urge to know?
This, that I ſee not thee, when there I go.

Ep. 41 *On a Young Maid.* 34

Laugh, lovely Maid, laugh oft, if thou art wiſe.
As I remember, *Ovid* does adviſe:
But this to ev'ry Maid he never ſaid,
Of if he did, 'twas always to a Maid;
'Twas never ſpoke to wretched-aged Thee,
To whom remains, of all thy Teeth, but three,
And thoſe cole-black: Therefore if this do paſs
For truth, inform'd the ſame by thine own Glaſs,
A Smile thou ought'ſt t'avoid with no leſs dread,
Than Gallants fear the Wind for their curl'd Head;
Than painted Madams fear a daſhing Showre,
Or, when Pomato'd, the Sun's raging pow'r.
Rather old *Hecuba's* ſad Mood put on,
When *Troy* was burnt, and all her Glory gon.

Mimicks,

Mimicks, and Droles, a Laugh'er-moving Jeſt,
What ever makes thee Gern or Gape, deteſt.
Mourn by your Mother's ſide, your equal Croſs,
Your Father's and your pious Brother's Loſs;
Your Hours, in what is ſad and ſerious, ſpend,
An Ear to Tragick Stories only lend.
The Counſel's good, if to it you can keep.
Weep, if you are wiſe, old Mimps, often weep.

Ep. 44. *On* Sextus. 37

Having ſome ſmall Commodity to buy,
Straight (*Sextus* the Uſurer ſtanding nigh,
My old Com'rade, you know him) leſt I pray
To borrow, for Prevention thus does ſay,
Softly Computing with himſelf, but ſo
As I may hear him. *I to* Secundus *owe*
Seven thouſand, to Phœbus *four, eleven more*
To Philetus; *and, Wretch, have not in Store*
One Doit, ſhould now theſe Men for Money ſend:
O wond'rous Fetch of an old Canker'd Friend!

'Tis hard, when one is ask'd, not to ſupply:
But harder far, when Not ask'd, to deny.

Ep. 50. *On* Lesbia.

Lesbia talks Baudy, and does Water drink,
Thou does well, *Lesbia*, ſo to waſh the Sink.

Ep. 53. *To* Maximus. 40

Thou but feign'ſt, *Maximus*, thou'dſt not be Free:
Or if thou wouldſt, by theſe means thou may'ſt be.
Thou ſhalt be Free; if thou at Home can'ſt Dine,
If thou canſt quench thy Thirſt with common Wine;
If Rich Men thou can'ſt Miſerable deem,
And ſuch a thread-bare Coat, as mine, eſteem;
If in a cheap and vulgar Form delight,
A Room, in which thou ſcarce can'ſt ſtand upright.
If thy Deſires, to this Lure, thou can'ſt bring,
Thou may'ſt live Freer than the *Parthian* King.

Ep. 55. *To* Sextus.

Sextus, thou ſeek'ſt Obſervance, when I'd love;
I ſhall do that which thou doſt moſt approve:
But where I muſt Obſerve, I cannot Love.

Ep. 56. *To* Gallus.

Gallus, thy Wife is taxed for the Vice
(Among the *Libians*) of foul Avarice:
But ſhe is wrong'd, and all are Lyes they tell,
None cheaper does her ſelf both give and ſell.

Ep. 60. *On* Hyllus.

Y'are o're-familiar with a Soldier's Wife,
While a Boy's Mulct you fear, and not your Life.
Woe to thee! But, you ſay, upon what ſcore?
The Law forbids to caſtrate any more.
Allows it then to make a Wife thy Whore?

Ep. 64. *On* Laurus. 45

While now to Law, to Rhet'rick then thou'lt take,
And know'ſt not what Profeſſion thine to make,
Thou *Peleus*, *Priams*, *Neſtors*, Years doſt loſe,
And when thou ſhouldſt Give off, art ſtill to Chooſe.
Begin; if either Heart thou haſt, or Skill;
Three Rhetors Chairs are void, one thou may'ſt fill:
Or if the Schools diſlike, the Pleading-Bars
Reek with the Fervor of Litigious Wars;
So much, that *Marſya*'s Statue that is nigh,
May Vocal plead, through th' Obſtrep'rous Cry.
Courage, break-off Delays, when ſhall we ſee?
Thou wilt Demur, till Nothing thou canſt be.

Ep. 65. *To* Saleitanus. 46

Thou ſeem'ſt, *Saleitane*, much to hang the Head.
Have I not Cauſe? Thou ſay'ſt, my Wife is dead.
O heavy Chance! O ſad Decree of Fate!
She, ſhe? The rich *Nicoſtrata* ſo late

De-

Deceas'd, who twenty thousand brought in Dowre?
I wish th'adst never known this Evil Hour.

Ep. 68 *To* Olus. 49

That I salute thee by thy Name, no more
Style thee my Lord and King, as heretofore,
It is not Pride. My Chains and Cap I have
Redeem'd, with all the Badges of a Slave.
A Lord and Master he should have alone,
Who, not being Master of himself, does groan,
Like great Men, after Riches not his own.
Who can, without a Servant, *Olus*, be,
May also from a King, *Olus*, be free.

Ep. 69. *On a Smell-feast.* 50

Unwillingly thou Supp'st abroad. I'l dye,
If what thou say'st be not a Splendid Lye.
In others Treats *Apicius* did delight,
And, with Regret, at home did pass the Night.

If thou unwilling art, why doſt thou go?
Th'art forc't, thou ſayſt. All Smell-feaſts are forc't ſo
Melior invites thee to a Sumptuous Feaſt:
Where are thy Braggs? Deny: Now is the Tex

Ep. 77. *To* Coſconius.

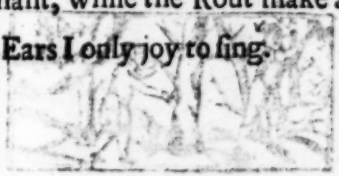
Thou think'ſt my Epigrams in length exceed.
To greaſe the Charret-Wheels, to make them ſpee
Th'art only fit: Who Poems Lengths doſt rate
By the Foot-Rule, not Reaſon, Wit, and Weight.
By the ſame Law, *Coloſſus* thou may'ſt call
Too long, the Figure of a Child too ſmall.
Learn that thou know'ſt not. Fam'd *Marſus*, *Ped*
Two Pages, on one Subject, would beſtow.
That is not long, from w^ch thou nought can'ſt take
But, *Coſcon*, thou can'ſt long a Diſtick make.

Ep. 80. *On* Fannius.

When *Fannius* from his Foe did fly,
Himſelf, with his own Hands, he ſlew.
Who e're a greater Madneſs knew?
Life to deſtroy, for fear to Dye.

Ep. 86. *To* Claſſicus.

That I Acroſtick's glory not to write,
In Verſes, backwards read, take no delight;
Make not the Eccho in my Verſes play,
After the *Grecian* Poetaſtring way:
Nor yet ſoft melting Numbers ſo reſpect,
As more the Chime, than ev'n the Senſe t'affect.
So bad a Poet, as theſe Ways to take,
I am not, *Claſſicus*. What Hire would make
Lada, for Swiftneſs fam'd, ſo meanly ſtoop,
To leave the Race, and tumble through a Hoop?
Diſgaceful 'tis unto a Poet's Name,
Difficult Toys to make his higheſt Aim;
The Labour's fooliſh, that does rack the Brains,
For Things have nothing in them, but much Pains.
Let *Gallus* chant, while the Rout make a Ring:
To choiceſt Ears I only joy to ſing.



Ep.

Ep. 68. *On* Mamercus. 63

Thou would'ſt a Poet be, yet naught doſt write,
Be what thou will, ſo naught thou doſt endite.

Ep. 90. *To* Quintilianus. 65

Of Giddy Youth thou Guide of high Renown,
Quintilian, Glory of the *Roman* Gown,
That I do haſte, tho Poor, thy Licence give
T' enjoy my Life; *None haſte enough to live.*
Who aim t'encreaſe their Father's Wealth, to throng
Their Courts with Statues, this defer too long.
I only to theſe eaſie Things aſpire,
A Spring with Nat'ral Turf, a ſhining Fire,
Servants well fed, a plain unlearned Wife,
Nights paſs'd away in Sleep, Days without Strife.



LIB. III.

Ep. 3. *To his Book.* I

BOOK, haſt to *Rome*. Whence com'ſt thou? If men (ſay:
Reply, From the Track of the *Emilian* Way.
If they demand the City where I dwell:
Imola, or *Forum Cornelii* tell.
If for what Cauſe I'm Abſent, they enquire:
The Follies of the City me did tire.
If when I do return: A Poet, ſay,
I went, when on a Fiddle I can play.

Ep. 8. *On* Quintus. ♂

Quintus loves *Thais*. Which? *Thais* the blind.
As ſhe wants one Eye, he wants both, I find.

Ep.

Ep. 9. *On* Cinna.

Cinna, 'tis ſaid, does Verſes write 'gainſt me.
He does not write, whoſe Verſe none cares to ſee.

Ep. 11. *On* Quintus.

If ſhe thou lov'ſt, nor blind, nor *Thais* be,
What makes thee think laſt *Diſtich* writ on thee?
If *Lais* 'twere, and her I'd *Thais* nam'd,
For ſuch Reſemblance I might well be blam'd:
But what Similitude do theſe two bear?
How do *Hermione* and *Thais* pair?
But thou art *Quintus*, and that Name I chuſe.
Be 't ſo: I always feigned Names do uſe.
I'l change the Lover's Name, if that pleaſe more.
Sextus, not *Quintus*, loves *Thais* the Whore.

Ep. 12. *On* Fabullus.

Thy Perfumes, I confeſs, were laſt night rare:
But nought to feaſt thy Gueſts thou didſt prepare.

Of

Of Wit or Folly call'ſt thou this a Caſt?
Odors to give thy Friends, and make them faſt?
Who are anointed only, and not fed,
Not treated like the Living are, but Dead.

Ep. 13. *On* Nevia. 12

While Boar to carve, and Mullets thou doſt ſpare,
Will't ſooner cut thy Father up, than Hare;
But, as if all were *crude*, thy Cook doſt beat,
No *Crudities* they'l find, whom thou doſt treat.

Ep. 15. *On* Codrus. 14

None truſts ſo much as *Codrus*, I do find
I'th' Town. How ſo? He's Poor. He loves, thô blind.

Ep. 16. *On a Cobler.*

An haughty enrich'd Cobler durſt beſtow
A moſt profuſe and princely Fencers-ſhow:
What in his Life he earned by the Awl,
At Sword and Buckler-Fight he waſted all.

Sure thou wert drunk; thou couldſt not, Cobler, play
In any Sober Mood, thy Hide away.
Enough of Shows; now to thy Skins abide:
Fear what befel the Aſs i'th' Lion's Hide.

Ep. 17. *On* Sabidius. 16

At ſecond Courſe, where lately I did dine,
Hot Tarts were ſerv'd, ſo hot, no Hand but thine,
**Mutius*, could touch: *Sabidius* yet, than they, *Scævola
More hot in Appetite, brooking no ſtay,
Blew often on them with his pois'nous Breath,
Blaſts of worſe Stench than Rottenneſs and Death.
After the which, no Man to touch them ſtirr'd:
He cool'd the Tarts, but turn'd them to a T——.

Ep. 19. *On a Boy ſtung to Death.* 18

In a ſweet Grove, where many Shapes were made
Of ſavage Beaſts, t'adorn the pleaſant Shade,
A carved Bear with gaping Jaws did ſtand,
Into whoſe Mouth young *Hylas* thruſt his Hand;

And

And, Childiſh wiſe, provok'd the Bear to bite.
A Viper, lurking in that ſecret Night,
Quicken'd the Stone with more than nat'ral Rage,
And bit the Lad, that fearleſs did engage.
O hainous Fact! That a dead Bear ſhould do,
What one alive could not be wrought unto.

Ep. 21. *On a Cruel Maſter.* 20

A branded Slave unto his proſcrib'd Lord,
In's higheſt Danger, Safety did afford.
While thus his Goodneſs did the Cruel ſave,
Envy with Life he him together gave.

Ep. 25. *To* Fauſtus. 23

If thy hot Bath, *Fauſtus*, thou ſeek'ſt to cure,
'Bove what a Paralytick can endure:
Let Orator *Sabinus* enter in
Nero's hot Baths, he'l make a cooling Spring,

Ep. 27. *On* Gallus.

That oft I thee, thou me doſt never call
To ſup, I could forgive, if none at all.
Thou didſt invite: But, *Churle*, thou doſt afford
To other Gueſts a frequent well-ſerv'd Board.
W' are faulty both. In what, doſt bid me name?
I for the want of Wit, and thou of Shame.

Ep. 30. *To* Gargilianus.

Money no more, but Meat *the Great* beſtow,
For what thou ſtay'ſt at *Rome*, I fain would know,
How wilt thou buy a Gown? Hire a dark Cell?
Pay for thy Bath? A *Thais* keep, can'ſt tell?
Garg.] To make a little ſerve, great Care I'l give.
Mar.] Scarce, as things ſtand, tis worth the Care to Live.

Ep. 31. *To* Rufus.

Thy Land, I yield, ſeems boundleſs to the Eye,
And near the Town thy pleaſant Farms do lye,

Num'rous

Num'rous Debtors crutch to thy Lordly Cheſt,
With choiceſt Fare thy gilded Table's preſs't,
Diſdain not, *Rufus*, yet all that are poor;
When greater Rogues than thou art, yet have more.

Ep. 32. *To* Matrinia.

Doſt ask, if an Old Woman I could Wed?
An Old I could, *Matrinia*, not a Dead,
As thou art. Even *Niobe* I could take,
And Mother *Hecuba* a Miſtreſs make:
But then before they were transform'd ſo fur.
One to a Stone, the other to a Cur.

Ep. 34. *On* Chione, *or Madam* Snow.

Worthy, and unworthy, of thy Name, in part:
For Black and Cold, Snow and not Snow, thou art.

Ep. 36. *On* Fabianus.

I would not have thee pleat or curl thy Hair,
Through ſlovenly Neglect nor Elf-locks wear;

Let not thy Skin with Scurf be over-run,
Nicely to blanch and sleek it, no less shun;
An Eunuch's Chin affect not, smooth and bare,
Nor such a horrid Beard as Pris'ners wear;
By a Wise Mean avoid the best you can,
To appear less, or yet too much, a Man.
But while thy Limbs we rough and brisly find,
Effeminate and wanton is thy Mind.

Ep 38. *To* Sextus. 33

Mart.] What Cause, what Confidence, *Sextus*, does (invite
Thee unto *Rome*? What Hope, what Aim? Recite.
Sext.] Than *Tully*'s self more pow'rfully I'l plead,
And none, like Me, shall the whole *Forum* lead.
Mart.] *Cains* and *Atestinus* (both you know)
Do plead, but pay not a poor House-rent so.
Sext.] If nothing this way come, I'l Verses frame,
You'l say, that *Virgil* did Compose the same.
Mart.] Th'art mad; That cold and tatter'd Crew (you see,
No less than *Ovid*'s all, and *Virgil*'s be.

Sext.]

(or three do ſpeed
Sext.] Great Men I'l court. *Mart.*] Scarce two
That way, the reſt are pale, and ſtarve thrô need.
Sex.]Say, what then? Counſel to a friend advance:
Men live at *Rome*. *Mart.*] The Honeſt do by chance.

Ep. 39. *On* Lycoris.

One-ey'd *Lycoris* Love's more fair than He
Kept Flocks on *Ida*. How the Blind can ſee!

Ep. 40. *On* Teleſinus. 34

For having lent, forſooth, an hundred Pound,
From full-cram'd Cheſts, & Wealth that does abound,
Thou think'ſt, that thou much Greatneſs haſt diſplay'd:
But that the Grandeur's mine, it may be ſaid:
Who being Poor, ſo great a Sum repay'd.

Ep. 42. *On* Polla. 96

Thou ſeek'ſt with Lard to ſmooth thy wrinkl'd Skin,
Bedaub'ſt thy ſelf, and doſt no Lover win.

Simple Decays men eaſily paſs by,
But hid, ſuſpect ſome great Deformity.

Ep. 44. *To* Ligurinus.

That ev'ry one, to meet thee, is afraid,
And where thou com'ſt, a Solitude is made.
Would'ſt, *Ligurinus*, know the Reaſon why?
Too much a Poet, Men do from thee fly.
And this, I tell thee, is a dang'rous Crime,
A Scorpion is not fear'd, like ceaſeleſs Rhime;
An Adder, in the ſcorching Sun, freſh ſprung,
A Tiger newly robbed of her Young.
For, prithee, who ſuch Ted'ouſneſs can bear?
Thou read'ſt to thoſe that Sit, that Standing are;
To them that Run, to them that are at Stool;
To thoſe are in the Bath, at the Fiſh-pool,
That here they cannot ſwim, nor waſh them there;
For thee reciting Verſes in their Ear.
They haſte to Sup, the Goers thou doſt ſtay;
Who'd Sup with thee, thou readeſt them away;

Weary,

Weary, and Sick, they lay them down to Sleep,
Thy Verſes rouſe them, and do waking keep.
Wouldſt know what Miſchief this to thee has bred?
Thee, a good Man, Learned, Juſt, all do Dread.

Ep. 45. *To the ſame.*

Whether the Sun *Thyeſtes* Table fled,
I know not; but all Men thy Table dread:
And yet 'tis Sumpt'ous, ſerv'd with Coſtly Fare,
But what can Reliſh, thou Reciting there?
Hadſt thou no Rhombus, were thy Mullets leſs,
Bate Oyſters, Muſhroms, do but hold thy peace.

Ep. 46. *To* Candidus.

Thou doſt exact, that always I attend;
Thô I go not, my Freeman I do ſend.
Thou ſay'ſt, That's not the ſame. But I think, more;
When I ſcarce follow'd, he thy Litter bore.
Th'art throng'd: His boiſt'rous Bulk o'returneth all,
My Strength's ingenuous, but my Force but ſmall.

Cauſes

Cauſes thou plead'ſt: I ſilently ſtand by,
He roars redoubl'd *Euge's* to the Sky.
Thou quarrell'ſt: Shame forbids loud Speech to me,
But he'l not ſtick to *Spend his Mouth* for thee. (to.
Cand.] There's nought a Friend then ſhould be called
Mart.] Yes, what a Slave, *Candidus*, cannot do.

Ep. 52. *To* Tongelinus. 45

Thy Houſe was lately, *Tongeline*, burnt down,
A Chance too frequent in a Pop'lous Town.
Thrice o're thy Loſs has been repair'd by Friends:
Did'ſt thou not fire thy Houſe, to get Amends?

Ep. 55. *On* Gellia. 46

That Shops of Perfumes ſeem with thee to go,
And richeſt Odors thou doſt round thee throw:
Think not this much, 'tis not thy Nat'ral Smell,
A Dog, like thee, Embalm'd, would ſcent as well.

Ep.

Ep. 58. *To* Baſſus, *on* Fauſtinus *Farm.* 49

Fauſtinus Farm, O *Baſſus!* is not fraught
With idle Myrtles, into Order brought;
There no trim'd Box, or barren Plane Tree's found,
To fill a vaſt unprofitable Ground:
But happy 'tis in rude and fertile Fields,
Which *Ceres* Gifts in ev'ry Corner yields;
There Veſſels fragrant ſmell with Autumn Fruit;
And when *November*'s paſt, and Time does ſuit,
The rough hew'd Hinds late Grapes does homeward bring,
While Vallies round with lowing Kine do ring,
And Luſt, the yet unhorned Herd, does ſting.

The ſtraggling Cohorts of the ſordid Pens
I'th' Yards are ſeen, Cocks treading *Rhodian* Hens;
Speckl'd Partridges, Peacocks gay and fair,
Who in their Trains do ſeeming Jewels bear;
Pheſants, which firſt from impious *Colchos* came,
The Birds which to Red Feathers owe their Name;

Mar-

Marbl'd Turkies, Geese cackling loud and shrill,
All with their Noise and grateful Numbers fill;
While the Doves greeting from the Tow'rs you hear,
Sleek Culvers mourning here, soft Turtles there.

The greedy Swine pursue the Housewife's Pale;
And full-bagg'd Ews, th'expecting Lambs ne're fail.

Children surround the large Fire shining bright,
Which on the *Lares* casts a chearful Light.
None here to Labour, backward are, and loth,
None pallid and unhealthy seen through Sloth:
But Gins for Birds, and lines for Fish prepare,
Pitch Toyls to catch the light-foot Deer, or Hare.
The Orchards plain the merry Maids employ;
Even Boys of the best Rank their Tasks enjoy,
Obey the Bayliff, not constrain'd by fear,
But they delight some Rural-Work to share.

The Rustick there brings not a vain Salute,
But Gifts his *Ave* speak, while he is mute:
Presents Ambrosian Honey from the Bees,
A Dormouse from the Woods, or a Cream-Cheese

Ta'n

Ta'ne from the Shaggy Goats a bleating Kid,
Or else a Capon, *Venus* Sports forbid.
The homely Country Maids in Baskets bear
Their Mothers Gifts, something that's Choice & rare.

And when the Day is past, and his Work done,
The welcom Neighbour, a glad Guest, does come,
To the frank Board; from which no Meat's set by,
The next day's Scant Provision to supply.
Servants, well-fed themselves from Envy free,
Grudge not, when they the Guests full-gorged see.

But, *Bassus*, thy trim *Villa* joyns the Town,
And for its Paint and Sprucenels seeks Renown:
No Country useful Sordures thee annoy,
But neat and splendid Want thou dost enjoy:
From stately Rooms fair Laurels strike thy Eye,
Which fear not Thieves, were no *Priapus* by.
And when to see thy Farm, thou Time can'st find,
With City Meal thou feed'st thy Country Hind:
And Herbs, Eggs, Apples, Cheese, from *Rome* dost bear,
All which thou ought'st, in reason, to find there.

Call

Call not this Toy thy *Country House* for ſhame,
The *Diſtant* or *Remote House* be its Name.

Ep. 61. *On* Cinna.

What e're thou begg'ſt, *'Tis Nothing*, thou doſt cry
If it be *Nothing*, *Nothing* I deny.

Ep. 63. *On* Cotilus.

Men, *Cotilus*, a Gallant do proclaim:
But ſay, Who's he deſerves a Gallant's Name?
A Gallant's one can order well his Hair,
And ſcatter round him a Perfumed Air,
Warble ſoft Tunes of *Italy* and *France*,
With various Graces move him in the Dance;
Of Ladies Chat fit Umpier all the day,
And ſtill have ſomthing in their Ear to ſay;
Love-Letters read to one, to others, write;
Whom nought, like ruffling of his Clothes, affright
Runs to all Feaſts, can, who loves whom, arread;
Tell Pedigrees of Horſes, and their Breed:

Is this, is this, a Gallant then to be?
A Gallant's then a *Trifling Thing*, I ſee.

Ep. 64. *On* Canius.

The Seamen's merry Ruin, killing Joy,
The *Syrens*, who with Melody deſtroy,
That ſly *Ulyſſes* had the Pow'r to leave,
When all beſides, with Charms, they did deceive,
I wonder not: But this I ſhould admire,
From *Canius* ſett'ring Tongue could he retire.

Ep. 66. *On* Mark Anthony.

Photin and *Anthony* like Crimes do ſtain,
Pompey by one, by th'other *Tully* ſlain.
Tully, *Rome*'s Tongue, deſerv'dly might be ſaid;
Pompey, as juſtly, her Triumphant Head.
Yet, *Anthony*, o'th' Two, thy Guilt was more,
Photin ſign'd on's Lords, thou on thine own Score.

Ep.

Ep. 68. *To his modeſt Matron Reader.*

To thee, *Grave Matron,* hitherto my Book
I write. Tow'rds whom, doſt ask, the reſt doth look?
My Self, the Race, the Baths; retire thou then;
We ſtrip, forbear to look on Naked Men.
Well-ſoak'd, *Terpſichore* weighs not what ſhe ſays,
Niceneſs, 'mong Cups and Roſes, down ſhe lays;
And thô, without Diſguiſe, ſhe plainly names,
In broadeſt Terms, what yearly *Roman* Dames
To *Venus* offer, cares not who her blames;
'Tis that, I mean, our Hinds in Gardens place,
And Maids peep at, with Hands before their Face.
If now I know thee, thô my Book before
Tyr'd thee, eager thou'lt be to read it o're.

Ep. 69. *To* Coſconius.

That all thy Epigrams thou doſt endite
In cleaneſt Terms, not one broad Word doſt write,

I praise, admire; how Chaft alone thou art!
Such Crimes my Pages shew in ev'ry part,
The which, the waggish Youth and Maids approve,
The Older too, who feel the Sting of Love.
But yet, I must confess, thy Holy Verse
Deserves much more with Children to Converse.





LIB. IV.

Ep. 5. *To* Fabianus.

Mar. POor, and Upright, whose Tongue & Heart (agree,
What dost propose, in coming *Rome* to see?
Canst act the Baud, or Boon-Companions Part?
Know'st thou the Criers or Informers Art?
Canst thou debauch the Wife of thy best Friend?
Thy strength on Lustful Aged Women spend?
Canst sell Court Air? Flatter the Upstart Great?
Canus and *Glaphyrus* i'th' right-way treat? (I'll go.
How, Wretch, wilt live? *Fab.*] *By Faith's true Square*
Mar.] Thou dream'st, thou'lt ne're be* *Philomelus* so.

* *Rich as a Fidler of that Name.*

Ep. 11. *On* Ant. Saturninus. 9

While thou wert proud to bear *Antonio*'s name,
And that of *Saturninus* didſt diſclaim;
Thou Arms in *Germany* 'gainſt *Cæſar* bore,
As *Anthony* in *Egypt* did before.
What Fate attends that Name didſt thou not fear?
Of his Diſgrace at *Actium* never hear?
Or did the *Rhene* promiſe Succeſs to thee;
Thô *Nile* to him deny'd the Victory?
That famous *Anthony*, by *Rome*'s Sword, did fall:
Compar'd to thee, who *Cæſar* we might call.

Ep. 13. *Upon the Marriage of* Pudens *and* Claudia Peregrina. X

This day my *Pudens* to fair *Claudia*'s wed,
Swell the Joys, *Hymen*, of their Nuptial Bed,
So Musk with Amber men do fitly joyn,
So *Attick* Honey mix with *Maſſick* Wine;

So Elms, embrac'd by Vines, do beauteous ſtand;
So Reeds do Waters grace, ſo Myrtles Land!
Concord, keep all between them ever fair,
And equal Love unite the equal Pair;
Let them not find their Flame grows ever Cold;
Or think each other, when they are ſo, Old.

Ep. 18. *On a Boy kill'd by an Icicle.*

At Fountain-Gate, whoſe Stones do always drop,
Near to the Porch an hundred Columns prop;
A pond'rous Stream, by Cold, congeal'd to Glaſs,
Fell on a Lad, as he the Arch did paſs:
Soon as the Wretch the fatal Blow had felt,
The ſharpen'd Ice in the warm Wound did melt.
What can reſtrain thee, Death? Where art not found?
When Water, like a Sword, can cut and wound?

Ep.

Ep. 20. *On* Gellia *and* Cerellia.

Cerellia, Young, affects to ſay, She's Old.
Old *Gellia*, 'mong the Girls, would be enroll'd.
What either does, *Colinus*, canſt digeſt?
The Young One plays the Fool, the Old the Beaſt.

Ep. 21. *On* Selius.

Selius affirms, in Heav'n no Gods there are,
And while he thrives, & they their Thunder ſpare,
His daring Tenet to the World ſeems fair.

Ep. 31. *On* Hippodamus.

That in my Book th'art nam'd, thou'dſt have it ſaid,
And think'ſt it there an Honour to be read.
May I not live, but grateful 'tis to me,
And in my Verſe, moſt gladly, thou ſhould'ſt be;
But that on thee a Name men did impoſe,
So harſh, that will with no ſoft Numbers cloſe.

Which *Phœbus*, and the whole *Pierian* Quire,
Could not in Muſick ſing, ſhould all conſpire.
Aſſume ſome Name more ſweetly then that ſounds,
Hippodamus the Muſes all confounds.

Ep. 49. *To* Flaccus.

Rightly of Epigrams thou doſt not deem,
Who Toys and Sport, *Flaccus*, doſt them eſteem.
He toys and trifles more, who does declare
Thyeſtes Board, and *Tereus* impious Fare;
Dedalus fitting waxen Wings to fly,
And Monſter *Polyphemus* with one Eye.
All Tragick Themes I baniſh from my Muſe,
Nor huffing Buskin-Language do I uſe.
But theſe, thou ſay'ſt, Men praiſe, admire, adore.
Praiſe theſe they may, but yet they read mine more.

Ep. 59. *On a Viper inclos'd in Amber.*

As 'mong the Poplar Bows a Viper crawls,
The liquid Gum upon him, ſtruggling, falls:

With

With Drops alone, while wond'ring, to be held,
He straight within the Amber was congeal'd.
Then of thy Tomb, proud * Queen, think not too high.
A Worm far Nobler here Entomb'd doth lye.

* *Cleopatra.*

Ep. 71. *To* Quintus.

To give my Books to thee, thou dost implore:
But I have none, the Bookseller has store.
Thou say'st, Will any Sound such Trifles buy?
I am not yet so Mad. No more am I.

Ep. 72. *On* Vestinus.

Vestinus drawing now his latest Breath,
And ready to resign his Soul to Death,
The Fatal Sisters he did humbly pray,
Of his near End to make a little stay,

That Dead t' Himſelf, to Others he might Live.
Way to ſuch Pious Vows the *Fates* did give.
Then parting his vaſt Wealth, he left the Light,
Seeming now full of Years to take his Flight.

Ep. 73. *Upon Deer fighting.*

See how the tim'rous Herd in Fight engage!
How fearful Deer expreſs the fierceſt Rage!
Death from themſelves they are not ſeen to fear!
Ceſar, ſet on the Dogs, to ſave the Deer.

Ep. 75. *On* Nigrina.

Thou higheſt Glory of a *Latian* Wife,
Nigrine, bleſt in thy Spouſe, bleſt in thy Life,
Him, Maſter of thy Birth-right thou didſt make,
Joying, in all thou hadſt, he ſhould partake.
Evadne periſh'd in the Fun'ral Flame,
Nor cheaper did *Alceſte* purchaſe Fame,

But

But thou thy Faith, by ſurer ways, doſt prove,
And need'ſt not Death to teſtify thy Love.

Ep. 76. *On* Zoilus.

I ne're begg'd Riches from the Gods before,
Well pleas'd with what I had, and to be poor:
But, *Want*, now get thee hence, Heav'n grant me Store,
Whence comes this ſudden new Deſire of Pelf?
I'd fain ſee envious *Zoilus* hang himſelf.

Ep. 77. *On* Varus.

Varus did lately me to Supper call,
The Table ſumptuous was, the Supper ſmall;
Loaden it was with weight of Gold, not Meat;
Much to be Seen was ſerv'd, little to Eat;
Varus, our Mouths, not Eyes, to feaſt, w'are here;
Take hence thy Plate, or fill't with better Cheer.

Ep.

Ep. 84. *On* Nevolus.

In Proſp'rous State, none's ſo Ill-natur'd found;
In Adverſe, none in Good does more abound.
When th'art ſafe, thou reſpect'ſt, regardeſt none,
The Beſt, as worthy of thee, will't not own:
But in Diſtreſs, to ſtoop thou canſt endure,
T'oblige. 'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt be ſecure.

Ep. 89. *On his Country Life.*

When to my Farm retir'd, how I do live,
If any ask, this ſhort Account I give.
The Gods, at the firſt Light, I do adore,
And place this Care, all other Cares before.
My Grounds I viſit then, and Servants call,
And their juſt Tasks I do impoſe on all.
I Study next, rouſe my Poetick Vein,
My Body then anoint, and gently ſtrain
With ſome meet Exerciſe; exult in Mind
If ev'ry Turn, my ſelf both free to find

From

From Crimes and Debts. Laſt, I bath, ſup, laugh, drink,
Jeſt, ſing, reſt, and, on all that paſſes, think.
A little Lamp, the while, ſends forth a Ray,
Which to my Nightly Studies makes a Day.



LIB. V.

Ep. 8. *On* Phaſis.

WHile *Phaſis* in the Theatre of late,
Phaſis in Purple ſhining, did dilate
On th'Emp'rors Edict, which each Order grac'd,
And 'cording to their Dignity them plac'd:
Theſe ſwelling Words, big with Conceit, he ſpake
At length we Nobles here our Eaſe may take,
Regard's had of us, and our Seat's ſet out,
W' are neither preſs'd, nor dirty'd, by the Rout;
While, lolling, thus he did the Rout deſpiſe,
The *Lictor* bid his Saucy Purple riſe.

Ep. 9. *On* Symmachus. 9

I droop'd; straight *Symmachus* to me does flie,
An hundred Quacks bearing him company;
An hundred frozen Hands my Pulse did crave,
Before I had no Ague, now I have.

Ep. 11. *On* Stella. 11

My *Stella* does upon his Fingers wear,
Em'ralds, Diamonds, Saphirs, Rubies fair:
Many bright Gemms upon his Hands we see,
More and more Radiant in his Verses be:
The brillant Fancies in his Lines which stand,
Seem to proceed from his adorned Hand.

Ep. 13. *On* Calistratus. 13

I'm poor, *Calistratus*, was ever so,
But neither yet, in *Fame* or *Title*, low:
I through the World am read, to all am shown,
The Praise, few Urns receive, my Life has known.

But

But thy Majeſtick Roofs, which Gold adorn,
Are by an hundred ſtately Columns born;
Thy Cheſts are cram'd brim-full of Unbagg'd Caſh,
The Lot of Slaves that underwent the Laſh;
In *Egypt* rich Poſſeſſions thou doſt hold,
And ſhear'ſt vaſt Flocks of the choice *Gallic* Fold.

This is thy State and mine: Wealth is thy ſhare,
Glory and Poverty my Portions are.
But what I am, thou ne're canſt riſe to be,
When any of the Rout may equal thee.

Ep. 14. *On* Nanneus.

Nanneus us'd in the firſt Rank to ſit,
While ſo the ſleeping Edict did permit:
But, that reviv'd, thrice routed, up he truſs't
His Camp, and to the loweſt Seat was thruſt,
Ev'n behind *Caius*, *Lucius*, ſtraightly pent:
Where wrapping up his Head, and there content
Ilfavour'dly to ſee, but with one Eye,
The Lictor did the Wretch no ſooner ſpy,

But thence he chas'd him to the furthest space,
Between the Colle; where taking up his Place,
Half standing, and half leaning 'gainst the end
Of the Knight's Form, which did his Stress befriend.
Free from Exceptions here on ev'ry hand,
To some he boasts, to sit; to some, to stand.

Ep. 16. *To his Reader.* 16

When I could serious useful Things endite,
That I do only, what is pleasant, write,
Thou, Reader, art the cause, who chant'st my Praise,
But weigh'st not at what rate I buy thy Bays.
If to the Law I did my Study bend,
And sell my Words, the Guilty to defend;
Many a Ship would bring me Wares from *Spain*,
My Lap would sordid be with frequent Gain,
Whereas my Book and I, trim Guests, are now
At Feasts, and Glory's all that Men allow.
Poets of old such Pay did not content,
When bright *Alexis* was the least was sent.

But well, thou cry'ſt, *th'aſt writ, none can it mend.*
Think'ſt this enough, to praiſe me without end,
O'reſeeſt my Wants, forbear'ſt thy Purſe to draw.
Thou'lt praiſe me out of Poetry, to Law.

Ep. 18. *On* Quinctianus. 18

Now in *December* that the Napkins fly
About, Spoons, Candles, Paper, Plums, that I
Only my Home-born Books a Preſent make,
For Rude or Covetous thou may'ſt me take.
But, know, I hate the vile inſnaring Trade,
By which a Gift a baited Hook is made;
Which is not caſt, to feed the hungry Fiſh,
But for a Prey to fill the Fiſher's Diſh.
Then, *Quinctianus*, to his wealthy Friend
A Poor Man's Lib'ral, when he nought does ſend.

Ep. 20. *To* Julius Martialis. 21

If, my dear *Martial*, 'twere allow'd to me,
An undiſturbed Life to ſpend with thee;

Our

Our Quiet, to what lik'd us beſt, to give,
And both at Leaſure were truly to live:
We'd never know the Pow'rful in the State,
Within their Courts, as do their Statues, wait;
At the vexatious Pleading-Bar attend.
But all our Time, in Books and Converſe, ſpend,
Taking in ſhady Groves or Fields the Air,
In Baths, in Feaſts, courting ſome gentle Fair.
Theſe, our dear Haunts and Buſineſs, ſhould be ſtill,
And both our ſpare and ſerious Hours ſhould fill.
That now we live, alas, we cannot ſay,
Only we find the good Suns poſt away,
And that, thô loſt, imputed is each Day.
Can thoſe that know to live, to live delay?

Ep. 24. *On* Hermes.

Hermes, the Martial Glory of the Age,
Skilful in all the Combats of the Stage;
Hermes, Maſter of Fence, and Fencer too,
The Cock and Terror of the Sword-men's Crew;

Hermes, whom *Helius* fears, but fears alone,
Avolans yields to, yet to him but one;
Hermes, that knows to conquer without Blows,
The ſecond to himſelf againſt all Foes;
Hermes, the Stages Mint, and endleſs Gain,
The Love and Strife of all their Female Train;
Hermes, that proudly ſhakes the Warlike Spear,
And fiercely threat'ning does the Trident bear;
Hermes, when casked for the blind-fold Fight,
When mope't and drooping ſeems, does then affright;
Hermes engroſſes all Men's Gifts in one,
And *Triſmegiſtus* Name deſerves alone.

Ep. 26. *On* Chereſtratus. 26

Wanting a Knight's Eſtate, you want the Style;
The Lictor comes: Stand up, void; ſtay a while.
Does any the Degraded Knight call back?
O noble Deed! Is any Friend not ſlack,
Out of vaſt Wealth his Title to reſtore,
Not loſt by any Vice, but being Poor?

His

His Gen'rous Name we will commit to Verſe,
Which all ſucceeding Ages ſhall rehearſe!
Who thus reſolv'd his better part to ſave,
And not deſcend Intire into the Grave.

And wer't not Nobler ſo great Wealth beſtow,
Than on a vain, ambitious, publick Show?
On Braſs unfeeling Statues it expend,
Althô the Artifice the Charge commend?
O Rich in vain! O falſly ſeeming Wiſe!
Who read, approve; and yet true Fame deſpiſe.

Ep. 29. *On* Mamercus. 29

Mamercus good Conceit, or Word, to gain,
The beſt Endeavours, *Aulus*, are in vain.
Excel the *Curii* in a Pious Fame,
'Bove *Nerva*, *Rufus*, get a courteous Name,
In Juſtice *Macrus*, *Mauricus* out-do,
Renowned *Regulus* and *Paulus* too
For Mirth and Eloquence: Yet all he bites
With canker'd Teeth, and to aſperſe, delights.

You judge, perhaps, that Envy's his Diſeaſe.
I think, Unhappineſs, whom none does pleaſe.

Ep. 30. *On* Gellia.

When thou preſent'ſt me, *Gellia*, with an Hare,
Marcus, thou ſay'ſt, 'twill make thee ſeven days fair.
If Hair be ſuch a beautifying Meat,
Thou ne're of one in all thy Life didſt eat.

Ep. 35. *On* Euclid. 36

While *Euclid*, clad in Purple, loud did brawl,
And near together by the Ears did fall
With *Lettius*, bidding him his Seat to leave.
Proteſting proudly, that he did receive
Two thouſand yearly Patrimonial Rent,
And more, which his *Corinthian* Mannor ſent;
Produc'd an ancient goodly Pedegree,
Deriv'd from *Leda*, by which, all might ſee
He was in truth a Knight, rich, potent, great:
An huge ſoul Key, the Badge of Slaves, i'th' heat

Un-

Unfortunately from his Boſom fell.
Did y' e're, of ſuch a ſpightful Key, hear tell?

Ep. 42. *What's given, never periſhes.*

A Thief may force thy Cheſts, and rob thy Gold;
A Fire thy Houſe may level with the Mold;
A Debtor, Principal and Uſe, deny;
The Corn that's ſow'd, without an Harveſt, dye;
A crafty Whore, thy Caſheer may ſurprize;
The Sea o'rewhelm thy precious Merchandize;
But what thou giv'ſt, no Chance does undergo;
That Wealth is always thine, thou doſt beſtow.

Ep. 52. *On* Rufus.

He whoſe left Arm, loaden with Books, you ſee,
And throng'd with buſie Clerks to that degree;
Whoſe Face compos'd attentively does hear
Cauſes and Sutes pour'd in at either Ear,
Moſt like a *Cato*, *Tully*, or a *Brute*,
If put upon the Rack, could not ſalute

In Latin, *Ave*, or χαῖρε in the Greek:
And if you doubt the Truth, let's to him ſpeak.

Ep. 50. *To* Labienus. 48

I ſaw thee lately ſitting all alone,
And, that thou hadſt been Three, I durſt have ſworn,
Thy ſeeming num'rous Heads ſo me deceiv'd,
Thy Pate here lock'd, and there of Hair bereav'd;
Not with Love-Locks, w^ch beaut'ous Boys do wear,
But ſome Parts tufted were, much broader bare.
Thy various Baldneſs ſtood thee late in ſtead,
When *Cæſar* dol'd the People Meat and Bread;
For thou bor'ſt home what did belong to Three.
The fam'd *Gerion* ſure was ſuch as Thee.
Philip's Portico, I adviſe thee, fly:
If *Hercules* ſpy thee, th'art ſure to dye.

Ep. 52. *On* Poſthumus. 51

Thy Gifts I bear in mind, and ever will.
Why don't I ſpeak them then? 'Cauſe thou doſt ſtill:

I can to none relate them, but they ſay,
He told us all himſelf the other day.
Some things are ne're done well by Two: If I
Muſt celebrate thy Deeds, make Thou no cry.
Should'ſt, *Poſthumus*, the vaſteſt Gifts beſtow,
Thy after Boaſting would them all o'rethrow.

Ep. 54. *To* Baſſus. 52

Why doſt thou, *Baſſus*, of *Thyeſtes* write?
Niobe's Tears, or of *Medea*'s Flight?
A fitter Subject of thy Verſe by far,
Phaeton's burning, or the Deluge, were.

Ep. 58. *To* Poſthumus. 56

To Morrow ſtill, to Morrow, thou doſt ſay,
That thou wilt live. When will arrive the Day;
How far's this Morrow off? Or where? Canſt tell?
With *Parthians* or *Armenians* does it dwell?
Old *Neſtor*'s Years it has already told;
Say, May we purchaſe it for any Gold?

Thou'lt live to Morrow: 'Tis too late to Day.
He, *Poſthumus*, was wiſe, liv'd Yeſterday.

Ep. 60. *To a Detractor.*

Althô thou bark'ſt at me yet more and more,
And ſuch thy Curriſh Snarlings ne're giv'ſt o're,
Decreed it is, thou never ſhalt acquire
The Fame, to which thou doſt ſo much aſpire,
Within my Books, thô ill, but to be read:
That once thou wert, why ſhould it e're be ſaid?
No, Wretch, thy Fate it is, *to Dye unknown.*
And yet, perhaps, there may be found ſome one
Or two, or more, about the Town, who may
In thy Dog's Hide faſten their Teeth, and bay.
But from ſuch baſe Engagements I'l contain;
My Nails, to ſcratch thy Mange, do much Diſdain.

Ep. 62. *On* Marianus.

Who is this *Criſpus*, I ſo often ſee
Cloſe to thy Wife? *This Criſpus*, who is he?

He

He leans his Elbow nicely on her Chair,
And always whiſpers ſomething in her Ear;
His ſlender Fingers many Jewels grace,
Not all his Body for one Hair has place.
Wilt thou not anſwer me? Thou ſay'ſt, Tis he
Does thy Wife's buſineſs, and ſuch muſt be free.
In ſooth, a ſober Man, of a grave Meen,
The Solicitor in his Face is ſeen;
Chius nor* *Aufinus* look'd more Auſtere.
To be the ſport of Mimicks, doſt not fear?
Deſerve to be the Fable of the Stage?
The noted Wit-all of the preſent Age?
He thy Wife's buſineſs do? That Thing ſo fine?
He does not thy Wife's buſineſs, but does thine.

* *Two infamous Pimps.*

Ep. 63. *To* Ponticus. 60

How I thy Book, *Ponticus*, do approve,
To ſay, thou anxiouſly doſt often move.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, astonish'd, nought I read so rare!
The Best of Wits cannot with these compare!

Pon.] *Cæsar* and *Jove* propitious to thee be,
As thus thou think'st. *Mart.*] Or rather unto thee.

Ep. 64. *To his Waiters.* 63

Pour lusty Wine, *Calistus*, fill it up;
With Summer Snow, *Alcime*, dilute the Cup;
Let my Locks drop, with rich *Amomus* spread,
And with a Wreath of Roses crown my Head.
I'm bid to Live, by *Cæsar*'s Tomb that's nigh,
While it proclaim's, The Gods themselves do dye.

Ep. 69. *On* Mark Anthony. 66

So black, *Mark Anthony*, so foul's thy Name,
That, ev'n *Photinus* Guilt, thou dar'st not blame:
In *Tully*'s Gore, alone, more deeply dy'd,
Than all the Sea of Bloud thou shedd'st beside.
How durst thou, *Mad-man*, sheath thy impious Blade
In *Rome*'s own Throat? In *Tully*'s Life invade

The

The Commonwealths? A Crime, that put a ſtand
To *Cat'lin*'s Soul, and damp'd his daring Hand.
Thou hir'dſt a Villain with accurſed Gold,
To gagg the Tongue that did thy Life unfold;
What boots it thee, to ſilence, at ſuch Price,
One Divine Tongue? Think'ſt ſo to hide thy Vice?
For Virtue now, and murder'd *Tully*'s ſake,
All Tongues enveigh, and all *Philippicks* make.

Ep. 70. *On* Syriſcus, *a Slave.*

In rambling only through baſe Booths and Huts,
Vile Tap-houſes, and Cellars among Sluts,
Syriſcus full five hundred Pound made fly,
(His Lord's vain Gift) i'th' twinckling of an Eye.
Strange Luxury, to conſume all this deal,
Nor ſitting for't the Time allow'd a Meal!

Ep. 73. *To* Theodorus.

That I my Books do not to thee impart,
Altho thou ſu'ſt, and inſtant for them art,

Doſt

Doſt wonder? For good Cauſe I this decline,
For fear, leſt, *Theodore*, thou give me thine.

Ep. 74. *On* Pompey, *and his Sons.*

Europe, and *Aſia*, *Pompey*'s Sons intomb;
Africk, himſelf, if he finds any room.
No wonder, thus the World they quarter, ſlain,
What Soil ſo great a Ruin could contain?

Ep. 77. *On* Cinna.

By th' often Uſe of Poiſon he did make,
The *Pontick* King, unhurt, could Poiſon take,
And, *Cinna*, thou, by eating ill, tak'ſt care,
Neither to dye by ſcant, or evil, Fare.

Ep. 79. *On* Zoilus.

I'th' Meal ten times thou from the Board doſt range
And ev'ry time thou doſt thy Veſtment change,
For fear, leſt, Sweating, harm thy Body get,
Between the Air, and Garments that are wet.

Wh

Why ſweat not I, who Sup with thee, thou Fool?
Who has no change of Clothes, is ſtrangely cool.

Ep. 81. *To* Emilianus.

If thou art Poor, thou ſhalt be ever ſo.
The Rich do only on the Rich beſtow.



LIB. VI.

Ep. 4. *To* Domitian.

THô for ſo many Triumphs *Rome* does owe,
Which, mighty Prince, thy Valour did beſtow
So many Temples New, ſo many old,
So many Shows, and Gods by thee enroll'd,
So many Cities won, or elſe laid waſte;
Yet more ſhe owes, That thou haſt made her *Chaſ

* *By reviving an old Law againſt Adultery.*

Ep. 5. *To* Cecilianus. 4

I lately purchas'd have a Piece of Ground.
Cecilian, lend me, pray, a hundred Pound.

Do

Doſt ſay, I ne're will pay? And thereon pauſe?
To ſpeak the truth, I borrow for that cauſe.

Ep. 8. *To* Severus.

Two Pretors, and Tribunes no leſs than four,
Seven Advocates, and Poets half a Score,
Were Sutors lately to a certain Maid;
Her Father of them all ſmall Reck'ning made,
But on a Cryer did the Girl beſtow.
Wherein he play'd the Fool, I do not know.

Ep. 10. *To* Domitian.

I late of *Jove* a thouſand Crowns did crave.
He'l give't, ſays he, who me a Temple gave.
That He, indeed, a Temple gave to thee,
But yet no Thouſand Crowns beſtows on me.
I backward was *our Jove* this way t'engage:
But how Serene! How free from cloudy Rage
He read my Suit! With ſuch a placid Brow
To conquer'd Kings their Crowns he does allow;

And from the *Capitol* returns and goes.
O Virgin! Who alone our great Lord knows,
If with ſuch Looks he does our Sutes reject,
Say, with what Meen he does them then accept.
I pray'd: *Pallas* (her Shield revers'd) reply'd:
What is not giv'n yet, think'ſt thou, Fool, deny'd?

Ep. 11. *On* Marcus.

Thou wonder'ſt, Friendſhip now's no more re-
(nown'd,
That no *Oreſtes*, *Pylades*, are found!
Pylades ever, *Marcus*, drank o'th' ſame,
Nor fatter Thruſhes to *Oreſtes* came;
Each, better than himſelf, did th'other treat,
No diff'rence made in Beverage, or in Meat.

On *Lucrine* Oyſters thou doſt gormondize,
While flaſhy of *Peloris* me ſuffice:
And yet my Palat's as refin'd as thine,
As skill'd in the beſt Meats, and nobleſt Wine.
Rich *Tyrian* Wool, to make thy Garment's, ſought,
But mine, the courſeſt which from *Gallia*'s brought:
Would'ſt

Would'ſt have me love thee in a Purple Gown,
My ſelf like th' pooreſt Soldier clad, or Clown?
If you expect I *Pylades* ſhould be,
Oreſtes you muſt ſhew your ſelf to me.
Friendſhip by Deeds, not Words, muſt be approv'd,
The Man muſt *Love*, that ſeeks to be *Belov'd*.

Ep. 14. *On* Laberius.

Thou canſt write exc'llent Verſe, as thou doſt ſay,
Why then to write, *Laberius*, doſt delay?
Who can do ought that's Excellent, and with-hold,
Among the greateſt Men may be enroll'd.

Ep. 19. *To his Advocate.*

Of Murder, Poiſon, War, th'aſt nought to ſay,
But of three Goats, my Neighbour ſtole away;
The Judge requires, I this ſhould make appear.
To th' *Pontick* War thou mak'ſt Excurſions here,
Canna's Fight, *Punick* Falſhood; thou, with might
Of Hand and Voice, doſt roaring out recite

Of *Syllas*, *Marius*, and *Mutius*, various Story.
Speak to the three Goats, loſt in ſo much Glory.

Ep. 20. *To* Phœbus.

Thou ſaying oft, Wilt nought of me command?
To borrow a ſmall Sum I did demand.
But then thou humm'ſt, demurr'dſt, thy ſelf and me
With long Doubts vext: I nothing ask, th'art free.

Ep. 22. *On* Proculina.

That *Proculina*'s marry'd to her Knave,
And will her Gallant, for her Husband, have,
Fearing the *Julian* Law: She does not wed,
But does confeſs, what Life before ſhe led.

Ep. 24. *On* Chariſianus.

Chariſian's vainer far than all the Town.
When others Maſquerade, he's ſeen in's Gown.

Ep.

Ep. 25. *To* Marcellinus. XXIV

Thou Gen'rous Offspring of a Noble Race,
Bold *Marcellinus*, who now holds the Place
Where horrid Winter wars no less than Foes;
Accept the Vows thy Father's Friend bestows.
Thy Courage still, be prudent: Brav'ry, wise;
Who on Affected Danger runs, despise:
Delight in Wounds, only in Fools takes place;
Be thou thy Country's Bulwark, and her Grace.

Ep. 28. *An Epitaph on* Glaucia. XXV

Melior's Freeman far renown'd,
Who dying, *Rome* in Sorrow drown'd,
The short Delight of's Patron dear,
Glaucia beneath this Marble here,
Near the *Flaminian* way's interr'd.
Tho' from Chast Laws he never err'd,
A Modest Blush his Face o'respread.

Quick of Wit, of wonderous Grace,
Scarce thirteen Years in him took place.
Who mourn'st such sad untimely Toils,
May'st never weep for thine own Croils.

Ep. 29. On the same.

None of the abject, prostrate, Crew,
Which greedy Bauds in Cages mew,
But fix'd all Vices far above,
And worthy of an honest Love,
When not yet sensible to know,
What Boon his Patron did bestow,
Glaucia was *Melior*'s Freeman made,
To his Endowments this was paid.
For who more Charming, who more Fair?
More with *Apollo* might compare?
The Graces which in him did dwell,
Did those o'th' youthful God excel.
Immod'rate Virtue, 'tis thy Doom,
But seldom to Old Age to come.

To

To prevent Sorrow's sharp Disease,
Pray, nought thou lov'st may too much please.

Ep. 30. *On* Petus.

If, when ten Pound you promis'd, you had paid,
And giv'n it home with me, and not delay'd,
I had your Debtor for an Hundred been:
But sending it, *Petus*, so tardy in,
After seven Months, I guess, or nine Months time,
I know not which to call't, a Gift, or Crime.
Shall I what's truer, ev'n than Truth, expound,
Instead of giving, thou hast lost, ten Pound.

Ep. 31. *On* Charidemus.

Oft with thy Wife does the Physician lye,
Thou knowing, *Charidem*, and standing by.
I see, thou wilt not of a Feaver dye.

Ep. 38. *On the Death of* Otho.

When yet the chance of War did doubtful ſtand,
And *Otho* might have had the upper hand;
War he renounc'd, maintain'd by Seas of Bloud,
And with his own, reſtrain'd the Publick Flood.
Thô *Cato*'s Life, than *Cæſar*'s, greater were;
Otho, in's Death, exceeded *Cato* far.

Ep. 39. *On Cinna.*

Of thy *Marulla*'s ſevenfold Births, not one,
Cinna, is thine, or yet a free-born Son:
For not thy ſelf, thy Neighbour, or thy Friend,
To their begetting can at all pretend:
But their Dams Stealths are ſhewn by ev'ry Head,
To be the Work o'th' Straw, and Trundle-Bed.
He, who, *Moor-like*, with Woolly Hair we ſee,
Of the Cook *Santer* does confeſs to be.
But he with the ſtrutting Lips, and flat Noſe,
The pure Image of the Wreſtler does diſcloſe,

Pan-

Pannicus. The third, who's ignorant to be
The Baker *Dama's*, who does *Dama* see,
And a bleer Eye know? The fourth, fair to sight,
Shewing a Wanton Brow, thy Caramite
Lygdus got. But he with a Copped Crown,
And Ears bangling like Asses up and down,
Who can deny to *Gyrrah*, the Buffoon?
Two Girls, of Foxthis, that of Blackbird Hue,
Their Sires, the Piper *Crote*, and *Carpus* shew
The Hinde. Compleat were now thy Mungrel Race,
Could thy two Eunuchs gen'rate, as embrace.

Ep. 50. *On* Thelesinus.

When *Thelesinus* did Observance pay
To honest Men, he went in poor Array:
But when to Pimp he did himself apply,
Houses and Land, he had wherewith, to buy.
Wouldst thou be Rich? Be Factor to some Sin:
Honest Employment brings but little in.

Ep. 60. *On* Pompillus.

Peop.] *Pompillus* Name is up, his Work is done,
His Fame throughout the Universe doth run.
Mart.] So may our *German* Foes successful be,
And all, O *Italy!* that love not thee.
Peop.] *Pompillus* Lines, for Wit, yet have the Name.
Mart.] But trust me, that is not enough for Fame.
How many witty, learned, Books do come
To serve the Kitchen, and to feed the Worm?
I know not what 'tis more, that makes Books live,
'Tis not the *Wit*, but *Soul*, the Authors give.

Ep. 62. *On an Envious Person.*

Rome hugs my Verse, and cries it up for Rare;
My Books each Hand and ev'ry Bosom bear;
There's one yet lowres, disdains, is ill at Ease:
I'm glad; my Verses now my self do please.

Ep. 63. To Marianus.

You know y'are flatter'd, know the greedy Knave;
You know what 'tis such Flatterers would have?
And yet you write him Heir in your Last Deed;
And will, that he, in all you have, succeed.
What tho' he sends great Gifts? 'Tis with an Hook,
And do the Fish the Angler ever brook?
Will this Man mourn, when thou no more shalt live?
Wouldst have him Mourn? Then nothing to him give.

Ep. 64. On a Detractor.

When not of *Fabius* sowr Race sprung you are,
Nor *Curius*, who himself to's Ploughmen bear
Their Dinner, whose rough Wife her Childbed made,
Under the Covert of an Oak's thick Shade:
But of a Father born, trimm'd by a Glass,
A Mother, for a Courtezan, does pass;
And so effeminate you your self withal,
Your Wife, tho' nice she be, you Wife may call.

For

For you to dare my much-fam'd Verſe detract,
The *Momus*, on my approv'd *Toys*, to act;
My *Toys*, I ſay, all *Rome* attentive hear,
To which both Learn'd and Noble lend an Ear;
Which deathleſs *Silius* with Regard does treat;
And *Regulus* fluent Tongue deigns to repeat;
Which to revolve, *Ceſar* a time does ſpare,
Amidſt the Weight of all the Publick Care.
But you know more, your wiſe diſcerning Heart
Pallas has fram'd by the *Athenian* Art.
May I not live, if th'Heart and Paunch we meet
The Garbage, Guts, and the great dangling Feet,
Which loaded Butchers carry through the Street,
With no ſmall Terror unto ev'ry Noſe,
Do not a ſharper Wit than thine diſcloſe.
Yet, with the waſte of Paper, againſt me
Verſes you write, ſuch as none read, or ſee:
But if my chafed Choler thee ſhall brand,
The Work will live, be read in ev'ry Land;

'Tis not the Barber's Soap can cleanse the Stain.
Take heed thy Outrage be not thine own Bane,
To urge a *living Bear*, ceale to prefume,
Until his Rage forth at his Nostrils fume:
Tho calm, he'l lick the Hand, and Strokings bear;
Rous'd and provok'd, you'l find him still a *Bear*.
Thy Teeth then falter in some empty Pride,
Or Beast that's dead, and with the Wrong abide.

Epig. On Cotta.

Cotta has pass'd his threescore Years and two,
And ne're remembers that he had to do
With Sickness, or yet once laid down his Head;
For a Distemper felt a tedious Bed:
But at Physicians he durst point with Scorn,
At* *Dasius* and* *Alcontus* make a Horn.
If, like wise Men, we do our Years compute,
Raze or substract the Days that did not suit
With happy Life, such as in Pain are spent,
Gouts, sharp Feavers, and the Mind's Discontent,

* Two Physicians.

We

We should but Children be, that Aged seem;
And hugely th'are impos'd upon, who deem
Priam and *Nestor* many Years have told;
Not who live long but happily, are Old.

Ep. 77. On Afrus.

When poorer yet than *Irus* thou art deem'd,
Than *Parthenopæus* younger much esteem'd,
Stronger than Wrestlers in their Prime and Might,
Why to be born by Six dost thou delight?
Twere a less Jest, shouldst thou in Publick go
Naked, a-foot, than with this Pag'ant Show.
The State thou talk'st does more absurd appear,
Than if six Slaves, a seventh, in Pomp should bear
A *Moor* upon an Elephant of like hue,
Would move less Laughter 'mong the Vulgar Crew;
Or should a dwindl'd Dwarf a tip-toe stand,
By way of Rival, at huge *Atlas* hand.
Wouldst know what Scorn thy Pride to thee has bred?
Men grudge that six shou'd bear thee, wert thou dead.

The Noble on a Stately Hearse appear,
The Base are carry'd forth upon a Bier.

Ep. 78. On Phrix. 60

Phrix, a stout Drinker, who no Goblet fear'd,
Tho one Eye he had lost, and t'other bleer'd:
Who (when Physicians bid of Wine beware,
And threaten'd Blindness, if he had not Care,)
Deriding, said, Farewel my other Eye.
And ten large Cups bid fill him by and by,
And more than once. Wouldst know the end o'th' Prank?
Phrix loak'd good Wine, but his Eye Poilon drank.

Ep. 79. To Lupus. 61

Th'art Rich and Sad; take heed lest *Fortune* see,
And, as Ungrateful, do proceed with thee.

Ep. 82. To Rufus. 63

One, very strictly, me of late did eye,
As those that Slaves or Fencers use to buy:

And

And when he had survey'd me o'er and o'er,
With Eye and Finger too, behind, before,
Art thou, art thou, (says then astonish'd he)
The famous Mercy *Mevius*, that I see?
Whose Wit not only duller Climes admire,
But those, who to the noblest Arts aspire?
I, blushing, smil'd: And with a light Assent
Did not deny, I was the Man he meant.
How com'st thou then, says he, so meanly Clad?
I did reply, Because my Verse are Bad.
Left, *Rufus*, oft I'm drove to say the same,
Send Garments, suit not with my State, but Fame.

Ep. 84. *On* Philippus. 65

Philip, in health, eight Men to bear him had,
Who thinks him in good Health, himself is Mad.

Ep. 93. *On* Thais. 72

Thais stinks worse, than a stale Fuller's Vat
New broken in the way, than a dead Rat,

A Lion's mouth; a Rutting Goat's leſs Rank,
A Carr'on Dog caſt upon *Tiber*'s Bank,
A putrid Chick that's addl'd in the Egg,
Stale pickled Fiſh corrupted in the Kegg.
But then the Drab (her Hautgout to diſguiſe,
When to the Bath ſhe goes,) deals in this wiſe.
He ſelf ſhe husks under thick Paſtes, and guards
With Oyls, thrice and four times repeated Fards.
But when ſhe, by theſe Arts, hopes all is well,
Predominant *Thais* does of *Thais* ſmell.

LIB. VII.

Ep. 4. *To* Cæsar. 4

IF with thee, *Cæsar*, the Desires take place
Of People, Senate, all the *Roman* Race:
Thy Presence graciously to them afford,
At their impatient Suit, return their Lord.
Rome her Foes envies, that they Thee detain,
Thô many Laurels she thereby doth gain;
That barb'rous Nations see her Prince so near,
Enjoy that Face, which they do also fear.

Ep.

Ep. 8. *On* Caſcelius.

If thou at Sixty but Ingenious be,
When ſhall we thee, *Caſcelius*, Learned ſee?

Ep. 11. *To* Fauſtinus.

May *Cæſar* ſtill with the ſame gracious Ear,
And ſerene Brow, my Sportive Verſes hear,
As they wrong none, not thoſe I juſtly hate;
As Fame I love not at the odious rate
Of others Bluſhes. But what does it avail?
If in Bloud-fetching Lines others do rail,
And vomit Vip'rous Poiſon in my Name;
Such as the Sun, themſelves, to own, do ſhame?
Who know me, know, my Verſes harmleſs are:
And by the Muſes ſacred Quire I ſwear,
By th' *Genius* of my prevailing Fame,
By thy *Ears*, candid *Reader*, and thy *Name*,
Which hold the Place of *Deities* to me,
From all Malignant Envy I am free.

Ep. 18. *On a Fragment of the Ship* Argus.

This Piece thou ſe'ſt of rotten uſeleſs Wood,
Was the firſt Ship that ever plough'd the Flood:
Which not the Billows of *Cyanean* Seas
Of old could wreck, or *Scythian* worſe than theſe.
Age conquer'd it; but in Time's Gulf thus drown'd,
One Plank's more Sacred, than the Veſſel ſound.

Ep. 24. *On a ſoft Poet.*

When all the Epigrams are ſweet, you write,
More candid, than a Face that's painted white;
No Grain of Salt throughout them all is ſeen,
Or drop of Gall: Fool, to be read, doſt deem?
The choiceſt Meat wo'nt down without all Sauce,
Nor finds the Face, that has no Mole, applauſe.
To Children give Fruits, that are luſcious ſweet,
For Men, what's quick and poinant's only meet.

Ep.

Ep. 26. *To* Dexter, *on a Wild Boar he ſent him.*

A huge unweildy Boar with much Maſt fed,
That had laid waſte the Fields where he was bred,
A Monſter, like to that *Meleager* ſlew,
In's Blood bold *Dexter* did his Spear embrew.
Th' Invidious Prey before my Fire doth lye,
And with its chearful Stream, my *Lares* by
Bedews: While of much kindl'd Wood the Light
My Kitchen makes all Feſtival and bright.
But then the Cook demands a pow'r of Spice,
Choice Wines for Pickle, of the higheſt Price.
Back to thy Lord return, Impetuous Boar,
My Range, to entertain thee, is too poor.
Mean Food, and ſcant, I rather chooſe to bear,
Than ſuch Conſounding, tho Voluptuous, Fare.

Ep. 41. *To* Caſtricus.

If any in Rich Gifts with thee dare vye,
His Skill with thee, in Verſe too, let him try:

I, Poor in both, prepared am to yield,
And find much Eaſe, by quitting of the Field.
Why then Ill Verſes do I thee preſent?
Doſt think, none e're *Alcinous* Apples ſent?

Ep. 42. *To* Cinna. 36

The beſt, when thou art ask'd, is to ſay, I:
The next is, *Cinna*, quickly to deny.
I love him Gives; him, that Denies, not hate;
But thou both giveſt and deny'ſt, too late.

Ep. 45. *To* Priſcus. 39

While Verſes thou wilt have thy Gift attend,
Which thou deſir'ſt, like *Homer*'s, may be penn'd,
Thy ſelf and me thou vexeſt day and night,
And, to my Grief, thy Muſe takes her Delight.
Lofty and chiming Verſe to th' Rich preſent,
Courſe uſeful Gifts beſt to the Poor are ſent.

Ep. 46. *To* Licinius Sura. 40

Thou moſt Illuſtrious of our Learned Men,
Whoſe Style the Ancients does retrieve again;
How great a Gift did Fates on us beſtow,
When, ready now to taſte the Waves below,
They ſent thee back; when all gave way to Tears,
And had depoſed both their Hopes and Fears.
Hell's Regent could not ſo much Envy bear,
But did himſelf thy Thread of Life repair.
Thou ſe'ſt what Grief, wer't Dead, would all annoy;
And may'ſt thy After-Life, in Life, enjoy. (Flow'r,
Live like one ſnatch't from Death, crop Joy's brief
Who from the Grave's return'd, ſhould loſe no hour.

Ep. 50. *To* Urbicus. 43

If you deſire my Sportive Books to know,
Yet care not for them Money to beſtow;
Pompeius Auctus (unknown) from me greet,
In *Mars Revenger*'s Temple him you'l meet;

Skill'd in all Law and Courts; On him I look,
Not as my Reader, but my very Book.
By heart he has ſo perfect ev'ry Line,
That not a Title can be loſt that's mine.
So that the Author he might claim to be,
Did he not favour both my Fame and Me.
You may your ſelf (ſo late) to him invite,
From Buſineſs he is never free till night.
His little Supper will admit of two,
He'l Read; to Eat, is all you have to do:
And when you ſay, Enough; he'l ſtill go on;
Nay, thô y'are tir'd, he will not yet have done.

Ep. 53. *To* Naſidienus. 46

There's not a Morn, that me thou doſt not vex
With idle Dreams, that may my Thoughts perplex:
Which, while to expiate, thou doſt pretend,
The Wine of two years Vintage to an end
Is brought; ſalt, meal, whole heaps of Gums are ſpent;
And from my dwindling Flocks my Lambs are ſent;

A Pig, an Hen, an Egg, I cannot keep,
Watch, with a Pox, or, at thine own Charge, ſleep.

Ep. 59. *To* Jove.

Great *Rome*, dread *Jove*, and Heav'n, obey thy Nod,
And all believe, when *Cæſar*'s ſafe, a God.
While others, for themſelves, do theſe adore,
What e're a Deity can give, implore:
That I alone do nought of thee deſire,
As Pride in me, let it not move thine Ire.
That thou to *Cæſar* would'ſt propitious be,
I ought to pray, and *Cæſar* unto me.

Ep. 64. *On* Gargilianus.

Ten Winters, *Gargilianus*, twice o're told,
Thy ſingle Law-Suit in three Courts did hold.
Ah, Wretch and Mad-man! Twenty Years to brawl,
When in thy Pow'r it was, to give up all.

Ep. 68. *On* Theophila. 56

This is *Theophila*, that Learned She,
The Gods, my *Canius*, have reſerv'd for thee.
Whom, his Diſciple, *Plato*'s proud to name,
The *Stoa* doth as emulouſly claim.
The Works will live, that paſs her Learned Teſt,
So Wiſe, ſo above Woman's, is her Breaſt.
Not fair *Pantenis* can to her aſpire,
Thô ſo Illuſtrious in the *Muſes* Quire:
Amorous *Sappho* may admire her Verſe,
Greater in Virtue, not in Po'ſy leſs.

Ep. 72. *To* Maximus. 59

Houſes in *Dian*'s Mount, in *Eſquilin*,
More i'th' *Patrician* Street of thine are ſeen;
Hence *Cybel*'s Fane, from thence thou may'ſt behold
Veſta's; here *Jove*'s new Temple, there his old.
Where may we find thee? Say, in what place? Tell.
Who ev'ry where abides, does no where dwell.

Ep.

Ep. 75. *To* Philomuſus.

That our Great Ones ſtrive, who ſhall catch thee up,
Who carry thee to Plays, to Walk, to Sup;
Take high Delight, as often as they may,
To bathe with thee, to have thee on the way.
Do not for this, thy ſelf too much admire,
They do not love thee, but to Laugh, deſire.

Ep. 80. *To* Lauſus.

Thirty Bad Epigrams are daſh'd by thee,
Call my Book Good, if thirty Good there be.

Ep. 83. *To his Book.*

Secundus, while to after Times does leave
My Picture, and the rare Piece ſeems to breath;
My Book to *Geta*, and ſtill *Iſter* go,
Held by *Secundus* from the conquer'd Foe.
To him a ſmall, but pleaſing, Gift thou'lt be,
And in my Verſe, my perfect Face he'l ſee:

Which

Which neither Chance, nor pow'r of Time, can raſe,
Ev'n when *Apelles* Works they ſhall deface.

Ep. 84. *To* Sabellus.

That thou Tetraſtichs writes, not without Wit,
And Diſtichs alſo prettily doſt hit,
I praiſe, but not admire: Men eas'ly write
Epigrams, but 'tis hard a Book t' endite.

Ep. 86. *On Himſelf.*

If *Flaccus* in an horned Owl delight,
Canius in an *Ethiope*, black as Night,
If *Publius* a little Bitch does love,
And *Cronius* does an Ape no leſs approve,
If *Marius* a vile *Indian* Mouſe affects,
And our *Lauſus* a pratling Pie reſpects,
Glacilla wreaths about her Neck a Snake,
Another for her Bird a Tomb does make.
Why may not I admire a lovely Face,
When Monſters, like to theſe, the others grace?

Ep. 89. *To* Creticus.

Matho objects, my Books unequal are,
If he ſays true, he praiſes e're aware,
Calvinus Umber writes an equal Strain,
The Book is nought, that's throughout flat and plain.

Ep. 91. *On* Baccara.

" If need thou haſt, thou need'ſt not me intreat,
" *Baccar*, theſe Words thou often doſt repeat.
My Creditors Rage thou in his Look doſt read,
Thou ſe'ſt, but know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
My Rent, thou by, is call'd for in with ſpeed,
Thou hear'ſt, but know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
I ſhiver in a tatter'd thread-bare Weed,
Thou ſe'ſt, yet know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
I need, that thou wert Planet ſtruck with ſpeed,
No more that thou may'ſt ſay, What doſt thou need?

Ep. 95. *An Epitaph on* Urbicus.

I Infant *Urbicus* here bury'd lye,
My Name and Birth Great *Rome* did dignify.
Three Years I had not full attain'd unto,
When rigid Fates my Thread did cut in two.
What serv'd my Childhood, Beauty, early Speech?
To drop a Tear, is all they can beseech.
Which if thou dost, may like Chance from thee fly,
And all thou lov'st, as ag'd as *Nestor* dye.

Ep. 96. *To his Book.*

If Book, *Cesius Sabinus*, (the Renown
Of hilly *Umbria*, and of the Town
Of my friend *Aulus Pudens*) thou dost know,
How e're employ'd, yet boldly to him go;
Thô many urgent Cares oppress his Mind,
A vacant Time to read thee, he will find.
For me he loves; and deigns my Verse the Grace,
Next *Turnus* Noble Works to hold the Place.

O,

O, what great Glories are for thee prepar'd!
What num'rous Friends! what Trophies to be shar'd!
There's not a Mart, in which thou'lt not be found,
A Feast, a Street, but will with thee resound,
The Baths, the Portico's, ev'n ev'ry Stall,
To *One* th'art sent, but wilt be read by *All*.

Ep. 97. *On* Castor. 80

While all things thou didst buy, it thee befel,
That all things, *Castor*, thou dost likewise sell.

Ep. 98. *To* Crispinus. 81

May'st thou the Prince still Gracious to thee find,
And *Rome*, no less than *Egypt*, ever kind:
If when in Court my Verses thou dost hear,
(For sometimes *Cæsar* deigns to them an Ear)
Thou me afford'st this free and candid Praise,
This Man's a Glory, *Cæsar*, to thy Days,
Yields not to *Marsus*, *Pedo*, or the best.
This is enough; to *Cæsar* leave the rest.

Ep. 101. *On* Milo.

While *Milo* travels, fallow lyes his Field,
His Wife, howe're, an Yearly Crop doth yield.
How comes she Fruitful, and that Barren? Say.
His Wife was till'd, his Land neglected lay.





LIB. VIII.

Ep. 3. To his Muſe.

FIve had ſuffic'd, ſix Books or ſeven do cloy,
Why doſt as yet delight, *my Muſe*, to toy?
Give o're for ſhame: Fame has not more to grace
My Verſe, the Buſineſs made in ev'ry place.
And when proud Tombs, in w^ch for Fame men truſt,
O'rethrown and broken lye reduc'd to Duſt,
ſhall be read, Strangers will make 't their care,
Unto their ſev'ral Homes my Works to bear.
She of the *Sacred Nine*, (when I had ſpoke)
Whoſe Locks with Odors drop, thus Silence broke.

And

And wilt thou then thy pleaſant Verſe forſake?
What better Choice, Ungrateful, canſt thou make?
Exchange thy Mirthful for a Tragick Vein?
Thunder harſh Wars in an Heroick Strain,
Which ſtrutting Pedants, till th'are hoars, may rant,
While the Ripe Youth deteſt to hear the Cant?
Let the o're-ſowre and dull that way delight,
Whoſe Lamps at Midnight ſee the Wretches write.
But ſeaſon thou thy Lines with ſharpeſt Wit,
That all may read their Vices ſmartly hit.
Altho thou ſeem'ſt to play but on a Reed,
Thy ſlender Pipe the Trumpet does exceed.

Ep. 6. On Eutus.

Than *Eutus* antick Plate, nothing can be
More hateful; Earthen Pots I wiſh to ſee,
When he their raving Pedegrees to relate,
Deadens the Wine with his old ruſty Prate.
This Cup, *Laomedon*'s own Table grac'd;
This was *Apollo*'s, when *Troy*'s Walls he plac'd;

This,

This, 'gainſt the *Lapithes*, did *Rhecus* throw;
See how 'tis craz'd, and batter'd with the Blow!
This, of odd Make, was *Neſtor*'s high Delight;
Neſtor's own Thumb did wear this Dove ſo bright:
Achilles, in this Scyff, large Draughts did pour
To's Friends, having carous't it off before.
This Bowl to *Bitias Dido* quaff'd, that Night
She entertain'd her lov'd *Dardanian* Knight!
While thus he boaſts Goblets of *Priam*'s Age,
Wines of **Aſtianax* our Thirſts aſſwage.
We'd rather of thy Wine thou'dſt cracke the Odds;
Give us the Liquor, not the Plate, o'th' Gods.

* *That is, Infant Wine new, and naught.*

Ep. 7. *On* Cinna.

Is this to plead, the Learned Lawyer play;
In ten Hours, *Cinna*, but nine Words to ſay?
Yet thou this Time, four Glaſſes didſt encreaſe.
'Tis a vaſt while that thou can'ſt hold thy Peace.

Ep. 10. *On* Baſſus.

Baſſus a Gown of richeſt Purple Die,
But lately, for an hundred Crowns did buy.
O mighty Bargain! Why? So Cheap d'you ſay?
Yes, unto him, who never means to pay.

Ep. 12. *On* Priſcus.

Doſt ask, Why a Rich Wife I would not wed?
Becauſe I would be Lord i'th' Marri'ge Bed.
The Wife, *Priſcus*, ſhould th' Inferior be:
But Wealth on her part, makes a Parity.

Ep. 13. *On a Fool.*

I bought a Fool, I thought, for twenty Pound,
Reſtore my Coyn, the Fool his Wit has found.

Ep. 18. *To* Cirinus.

Such Epigrams, *Cirinus*, thou doſt frame,
As with, or before, mine, might get a Name:

But

But ſuch Regard to thy old Friend th'aſt ſhown,
That my Fame's dearer to thee, than thine own.
Thus Odes, for *Horace* ſake, *Virgil* forbore,
Althô he *Pindar* could have gone before.
To *Varus* left the proud Cothurnal Vein,
Thô himſelf mightier was i'th' Tragick Strain.
Many will give their Goods, their Gold, their Ground;
But, that Give Place in Wit, there's few are found.

Ep. 21. *On the coming of* Cæſar.

Phoſphor, bring Light; why doſt our Joys delay?
Cæſar's to come; *Phoſphor*, bring on the Day.
Rome begs it. Art drawn in *Bootes* Teem,
Thou mov'ſt ſo ſlowly with a lazy Beam?
On this occaſion *Cillaron* endorſe,
Caſtor will not refuſe to lend his Horſe.
Impatient *Titan* why doſt thou detain?
Xanthus and *Ethon* both deſire the Rein;
Aurora waits: Yet ling'ring Stars there be;
As if the *Moon* th'*Auſonian* King would ſee!

Come, *Cæsar*, tho in Night, let Stars delay:
When thou art here, we shall not want a Day.

Ep. 24. *To* Domitian.

If in this little Book of modest Brow,
I ought do beg, and not too Great, allow:
Or if thou grants not, *Cæsar*, let me sue;
Incense and Pray'rs ne're *Jove*'s Displeasure drew.
Not he that carves the Form, in Stone or Oar,
Does make a God, but he that does Adore.

Ep. 30. *On the Story of* M. Scœvola *acted.*

In *Brutus* time, what was *Rome*'s highest Praise
Is as a Pastime shew'd, in *Cæsar*'s days:
The Presentation, the true Story shames,
His Valiant Hand so bravely grasps the Flames,
Enjoys its Torment, and derides their Ire,
Frolicks and Reigns in the astonish'd Fire!
His own Spectator he appears to stand,
T' Applaud, not Feel, the Fun'ral of his Hand!

The Altar gluts, and if not torn away,
Fleſh'd only, and unwilling to obey,
His other Hand h'ad thruſt into the Flame,
Freſh, when it fainted; Fierce, when it was Tame!
After ſo brave a Deed, invidious 'twere,
To ſearch his Life, or Stock, or to impair
His Fame, by urging what he was before.
That he has done 's enough, I need no more.

Ep. 31. *On* Dento.

Thou know'ſt not, *Dento*, what thou doſt give (leave
To Men, of thee pleaſantly to conceive:
Who begg'ſt that * Grace, as ſoon as thou art wed,
Which ſhould be giv'n thee from the Marri'ge Bed.
But with Requeſts, to tire the Prince, forbear,
And to thy long-left Wife and Home repair;
Who, while at *Rome* th'art ſuing on the Score
Of having Three Sons, will have brought thee Four.

* *The Benefit given to ſuch as had Three Children, which the Emperor ſometimes in favour gave to thoſe that had none.*

Ep. 35. *On an Evil Couple.*

When you ſo well agree in courſe of Life,
The vileſt Husband, and the vileſt Wife,
'Tis ſtrange, that ever you ſhould live in Strife.

Ep. 40. *To* Priapus.

Priapus, (not my Vines or Fruit to ſave,
But a thin Wood) thy Patronage I crave;
From whence thou cam'ſt, & may'ſt a-new be made.
Let me adviſe thee, ſpoil the Stealers Trade,
And for the Owners Fire reſerve the Stock,
If that ſhall fail, thy ſelf art but a Block.

Ep. 46. *On a Chaſt Boy.*

How great's thy Virtue, and thy Form how rare!
Theſeus Chaſt Son cannot with thee compare.
For all the Glory of her Virgin Name,
To bathe with thee, *Diana* would not ſhame.

And

And whom, might *Cybele* alone enjoy,
She would prefer before her *Phrygian* Boy.
Ganymede's Place didſt thou to *Jove* ſupply,
Juno thou wouldſt redeem from Jealouſy.
Happy's the Maid, ſhall thy ſoft Breaſt enflame,
And give thee firſt a Man's and Husband's Name.

Ep. 56. *To* Flaccus.

When former Ages Glory ſtoops to ours,
And *Rome* is greater with her Emperors,
That *Maro*'s Sacred Wit is no where found,
And none ſo deep the Trump of War does ſound,
Thou wonder'ſt, *Flaccus:* Whereas do but grant
Mecenas's, and thou'lt not *Maro*'s want:
Nay, if thy Farm alone thou wilt beſtow,
The World ſhall to thee for a *Virgil* owe.
The Lands which near to ſack'd *Cremona* lay,
The Soldier ſhar'd, and drove the Flocks away:
**Tityrus*, alas, involved in the Wrong, *Virgil.
Wept forth his Loſſes in a feeble Song,

The *Tuſcan Knight ſmil'd, when his Fortune frown'd,
And all the Poets Care in Plenty drown'd.
Malignant Want, Parent of Mean Conceit,
(He, God-like, cry'd) *Make hence thy ſwift Retreat,*
And take thou Wealth, and beſt of Poets be,
'Bove what the World e're ſaw, or e're ſhall ſee.
My fair Alexis *too, (you underſtand)*
Without a Rival is at your Command.

The lovely Boy, at his new Maſter's board,
With ſnowy Hands the black †*Falernum* pour'd;
So bright a Fountain, and ſo rich a Stream,
Was never Poet's Love, or Poet's Theme!
Then with his Roſie Lips he took the Say,
Had *Jove* look'd on, h'ad ſnatch'd the Boy away.

Straight from th'aſtoniſh'd Poet's raviſh'd Heart,
All former Thoughts of his low Rural Art
Quite vaniſh'd, ev'ry courſe Rude-ſpun *Idea*,
His Sun-burn't *Theſtilis* and *Galatea*;
And in his lofty high-inſpir'd Mind
Bright Schemes of War, Hero's, and Nations, ſhin'd:

*Mecenas. † A rich Wine.

Who

Who late a *Gnat* could ſcarcely well inhearſe,
In the weak Numbers of his ill-wrought Verſe.
He drank Heroick Phancy with his Wine,
Riches and Love turn'd all his Thoughts Divine.
What boots it me to count th'enriched Store
Of Noble Poets? *Marſus*, *Varus*, more?
Whoſe Names, a Burden 'twere, but to repeat.
Thou askeſt then. If Me thou alſo treat
Mecena's way, ſhould'ſt thou a *Virgil* ſee?
If not a *Virgil*, I'l a * *Marſus* be.

* *That is, equal the beſt Epigrammatiſt.*

Ep. 58. *To* Cæſar.

Thô thou great Gifts haſt giv'n, & wilt give more;
Victor of Kings, and thine own Deeds before;
Thou art not lov'd, 'cauſe thy Rewards are free,
But thy Rewards are lov'd, *Cæſar*, for thee.

Ep. 59. *On an One-ey'd Thief.*

Se'ſt him, who ſhifts ſo well with his one Eye,
Under whoſe bold and brazen Brow does lye
The others gaping Socket? The Man forbear
To ſcorn, there no where lives a *Snap* ſo rare.
Autolycus's Fingers never were
Such Lime-twigs, nor might they with his compare.
If he's your Gueſt, cautious you'd need to be,
For then he lays about him, and does ſee
With both his Eyes: And let the Waiters watch
With ne're ſuch Circumſpection, yet he'l catch
A Cup, a Spoon, e're th'are aware entrap
The vagrant Napkins, hoarding all in's Lap:
If from the Back a Cloak a little ſtray,
'Tis his, and double Cloak'd he goes away.
The Lacquies Flamboes, thô on a light flame,
He dares attempt, nor fears he to be ta'en.
And if he lights upon no other Prey,
He'l chowſe his Boy, and ſteal's own Shoos away.

Ep.

Ep. 69. *On* Vacerra.

Vacerra does the Ancients only praiſe,
Thinks Poets dead alone deſerve the Bays.
Forgive me, wiſe *Vacerra*, if that I
To have thy Praiſe, do make no haſte to dye.

Ep. 76. *On* Gallicus.

Speak the Truth, *Martial*; of all Love, be bold;
There's nothing I ſo gladly would be told.
So, *Gallicus*, thou urgently doſt ſay,
When thou recit'ſt thy Books, and on the Day
Thou publickly haſt pleaded at the Bar.
'Tis hard to hide, what thou doſt preſs ſo far.
Then, *Gallicus*, if thou the Truth would'ſt hear,
There's nothing, like the Truth, that thou doſt fear.

Ep. 79. *On* Fabulla.

All thy Companions aged Beldams are,
Or more deform'd, than Age makes any, far:

Theſe

Theſe Cattel at thy heels thou trail'ſt always
To publick Walks, to Suppers, and to Plays.
'Cauſe when with ſuch alone we thee compare,
Thou canſt be ſaid, *Fabulla*, Young or Fair.

Ep. 81. *On* Gellia.

In *Gellia*'s Vows no God or Goddeſs ſhare,
She by their Names, nor Sacred Rites, does ſwear,
But by her Pearls, which do ſo rarely pair.
Theſe ſhe does hug and kiſs, and often call
Her Brothers and her Siſters, ev'n *her All*;
Her deareſt Children rates them far above,
And to them ſhews a much more ardent Love:
And ſhou'd the *Wretch* by any Chance theſe loſe,
To live a Minute longer ſhe'd refuſe.
Oh, for a dext'rous Cheat what would I give
To 'reave a Life, ſo ill deſerves to live.



LIB. IX.

Ep. 6. *On* Paulla.

THat, *Paulla*, thou would'ſt *Priſcus* wed, th'art wiſe;
And he's no Fool, that he does thee deſpiſe.

Ep. 9. *To* Bithinicus.

Fabius, (to whom thy Preſents yearly brought
x thouſand) as I hear, has left thee nought.
omplain not; he has bequeath'd more to none:
x thouſand's left thee yearly of thine own.

Ep.

Ep. 11. *On* Cantharus.

When, *Canth'rus*, th'art a Slave to others Meat,
Men with Reproofs and Railings doſt thou treat?
Forbear the ſharpneſs of a Mind that's Free.
Cynick and Glutton both thou canſt not be.

Ep. 15. *On a Paraſite.*

He on thy Cheer and Table does attend,
Can'ſt thou believe to be a Faithful Friend?
The Boar, the Mullet, Souce, he loves, not thee;
If I as richly far'd, my Friend he'd be.

Ep. 26. *On* Afer.

If we thy Maid, preſenting Wine, behold,
Thy muddy Looks thy Jealouſie unfold.
What is the Crime on a fair Face to look,
When this the Stars, the Sun, the Gods do brook?
Muſt we avert our Eyes, if Beauty ſhine,
As if a *Gorgon* skink't to us the Wine?

Ster

Stern was *Alcides*, yet he did permit
Hylas to open View: No Jealous Fit,
Poſſeſſes *Jove*, or does his Peace annoy,
When *Mercury* with *Ganymed* does toy.
If thou wouldſt, none thy Beauteous Maid ſhould ſee,
Thy Gueſts muſt * *Oedipus* and * *Phineus* be.

* *Blind Men.*

Ep. 31. *On* Nigrina. 25

Antiſtus fell in *Aſia*'s cruel Clime,
Which Land does bear the Odium of this Crime.
His Bones *Nigrina* in her Boſom brought,
And the dear Burden made the Way ſeem ſhort.
Which when within the Envy'd Tomb ſhe laid,
She appear'd twice to be a Widow made.

Ep. 44. *On the Statue of* Hercules. 33

He, with the Lion's Skin beneath him ſpread
On the hard Stone, to make a ſofter Bed,
Whoſe left hand holds a Club, whoſe right a Cup,
Supine the Poſture, Face to Heav'n caſt up,

To

To Heav'n himſelf once bore; is, tho you ſee
In Figure ſmall, a Mighty Deity!
No modern Maſter glories in this Piece,
It boaſts *Lyſippus* hand, and Art of *Greece*.
Firſt, *Alexander*'s Board the God did ſhew,
By whom, while Young, the World he did ſubdue;
Upon his Altar too, while yet a Boy,
The **Carthaginian* vow'd *Rome* to deſtroy; *Hamil.
Sylla, at his Command, the Empire eas'd
Of his own bloody Reign. At length diſpleas'd
Wi'th' Pride of various Courts, he choſe to be
A private Man's domeſtick Deity:
And as he once was Gueſt to th' *Nemean* Swain,
Learn'd *Vindex* God hereafter to remain.

Ep. 48.

Thy Words the deep recondite Lore reſound
Of *Plato*, *Zeno*, what's ſevereſt found;
'Mong thoſe whoſe horrid Images affect
To doom all Vice, by their auſtere Aſpect;

Spea

Speak thee *Pythag'ras* Succeſſor and Heir,
Nor 'bates thou him in Buſh of Beard an Hair:
Th'aſt yet, what's ſhameful, and ſhou'd ne're be ſaid
A wanton Groin to this thy awful Head.
Say thou, who th' Axioms of all Sects doſt know,
Whoſe *Dogma* 'tis, The Scars of Luſt to ſhow.

Ep. 51. *On* Gaurus.

Thou prov'ſt my Wit, *Gaure*, but ſmall to be,
Becauſe my Pieces pleaſe through Brevity.
But thou, who can'ſt the *Trojan* War enlarge
With various Fights, till twenty Books thou charge,
Art a great Man, My Poem's ſmart and curt,
Thine is a Giant, but 'tis one of Dirt.

Ep. 82. *To* Flaccus.

I'th' Feaſt, in w^ch^ Friends do their Friends preſent,
While I to *Stella*, and thee, *Flaccus*, meant,
My Gifts to ſend; a num'rous throng of Friends,
And each of which to the firſt place pretends,

Beſet me. Two t'oblige I did deſign,
But dang'rous 'tis, ſo many to decline,
And more, by coſtly Gifts, to make them mine.
No way to free my ſelf, but this, I ſee,
To *Stella* nought to ſend, nor, *Flaccus*, yet to thee.

Ep. 57. *On* Hylas.

To *Africk*, *Hylas*, our Lord's Shield does bear,
Cupid, do thou the Lad fit Arms prepare,
Such as with w^th^ thou ſofteſt Breaſts doſt wound,
Yet in his Hand let a light Spear be found;
But Shield and Helm far from him ſee thou throw,
Into the Fight he'l ſafelier Naked go.
No Sword or Dart *Parthenopeus* harm'd,
While the fair Boy did range the Field unarm'd.
Whoever's ſtruck by thee, ſhall dye with Love,
And happy's he, that ſuch a Fate may prove.
Return while young, and while thy Beauty's bright.
And grow a Man in *Rome*'s, not *Lybia*'s, ſight.

Ep. 60. On Mamurra.

Mamurra many Hours does Vagrant tell
I'th' Shops, where *Rome* her richeſt Ware does ſell.
Beholds fair Boys, devours them with his Eyes,
Not thoſe of Common Note, one firſt eſpies;
But which in Inner Rooms they cloſely mew,
Remov'd from mine, and from the People's view.
Glutted with theſe, choice Tables he uncaſes,
Others of Ivory, ſet high, diſplaces.
Rich Tortois Beds he meaſures four times o're,
Sighs, they fit not, and leaves them on that ſcore.
Conſults the Statues of *Corinthian* Braſs
By the Scent; and not without blame lets paſs
Thy Pieces, *Polyclet*. He next complains
Of Chryſtals mix'd with Glaſs, and them diſdains.
Marks Porce'lan Cups, ſets ten of them apart:
Weighs Antick Plate (of *Mentor*'s Noble Art,
If any be) counts, i'th' Enamell'd Gold,
The Gems that ſtand. Rich Pendants does behold:

For the Sardonix makes a ſearch moſt nice,
And of the biggeſt Jaſpers beats the Price.
Tir'd now at laſt, after eleven Hours ſtay,
Two Farthing Pots he bought, and bore away.

Ep. 69. On a Schoolmaſter.

Deſpiteful Pedant, why doſt me purſue,
Thou hated Head by all the younger Crew?
Before the Cock proclaims the Day is near,
Thy direful Threats and Laſhes pierce mine Ear;
The Anvil rings not out a ſhriller ſound,
When maſſy Hammers the hot Irons pound;
Statues of Braſs with leſſer Din are made,
Than thou doſt carry on the Grammar Trade;
Shouts in the Race and Theatre are leſs,
When Factions for their Party's Zeal expreſs.
Whole Nights, I ask not, in Repoſe to keep,
To Wake's not grievous, but 'tis, ne're to Sleep.
Will't leave thy School, thy bawling Lectures ceaſe?
Thy Gain ſhall greater be, To hold thy Peace.

Ep. 71. On Cecilianus.

O Times! O Manners! Tully did declame,
When *Cat'line* put the State into a flame:
When Son and Father furious Arms did take,
And the whole World one Scene of Bloud did make.
Why now, *O Times! O Manners!* doſt thou cry?
What is't, *Severe One*, that thou doſt diſcry?
No Wars we hear, no Treaſons hateful Sound,
But Joy and Peace circle the Empire round.
'Tis not our Vices makes thee loath the Times,
But, *Cecilianus*, thine own Secret Crimes.

Ep. 74. On a Cobler.

A Cobler wont the putrid Soles to retch
Of dirty Shoos, and with his Teeth to ſtretch:
Now of his Patron's Lordſhip is poſſeſs't,
Where had he but a Stall, one would deteſt.
Drunk, he bright Chryſtals, with rich Wine, o're-turns,
With his Lord's Paramour in Dalliance burns.

My Simple Parents taught to me the while
Babling Letters, to know a Verſe, and Style.
Gag thy Pen, *Muſe*, and thy Books tare them all,
When ſuch a *Fortune's* purchas'd by the *Awl*.

Ep. 78. *On* Priſcus. 62

Priſcus with Art in many Leaves diſputes,
What Requiſites a Sumptuous Feaſt beſt ſuits;
Many ſublime and witty Things he brings,
All from a Learn'd and Noble Art which ſprings.
What makes a Feaſt, ſhall I in one Line ſay?
Abſence of Scurrilous Jeſts, and Fidlers Play.

Ep. 82. *To* Avitus.

Reader and Hearer both my Books delight:
But there's a Poet ſays, They are not right.
I weigh it not: No more than they make Feaſts,
Study to pleaſe the Cook's Taſte, but the Gueſts.

Ep. 83. *On* Munna.

That thou ſhould'ſt *Periſh Early*, 'twas foretold.
And the Prediction, methinks, well does hold:
For while thou mad'ſt much haſt to ſpend thy 'State,
That nothing might remain after thy Fate,
But in one Year, five Thouſand threw'ſt away.
Didſt thou not *Periſh Early, Munna?* Say.

Ep. 84. *To* Cæſar.

Among the many Wonders of the Stage,
With which thou haſt adorn'd the preſent Age
'Bove former Princes, *Cæſar:* As we owe
Much for the Coſt and Gallantry of Show,
Nothing does yet advance thy Glory more,
Than that the Nobles now, however Poor,
Spectators ſit, that Players were before.

Ep. 89. *To* Rufus.

You first to gain me, many Gifts did send,
But when once gain'd, all Gifts you did suspend.
To hold the Prey, you must still Baits supply.
The ill-fed Boar from th' empty Trough will fly.

Ep. 93. *On* Caius.

Thou thy Lord's Evils, nor own Good, dost know,
Who so bewail'st thy State, because 'tis low.
On thy torn Mattress thou sound Sleeps dost take,
While *Caius* upon Down whole Nights doth wake;
Caius to many Lords performs e're Day
Duties, which to thy One thou dost not pay;
Caius, *discharge thy Debt, in Court appear,*
Says *Phœbus:* Thou no such harsh Words dost hear;
Thou feel'st the Lash, Him less the Gout does spare,
And to change Griefs, a thousand Stripes would bear;
Foul Vices *Caius* brand, and hourly tempt,
From which thy low Condition is exempt.

Better

Better it is thy self a Slave to see,
Than many rich, lewd *Cains* to be.

Ep. 95. On a Physician.

My Doctor for a Wormwood Draught, (O strange!)
Demands of me *Frontiniac* in exchange.
Glaucus I never took for such an Ass,
Who truck'd away his Golden Arms for Brass,
Did any Sweet for Bitter ask before?
Well, take 't; so thou wilt mix with 't * Hellebore.

* *Confess, thou art Mad.*

Ep. 97. On a Quack.

A Quack attempting late to steal away
His Patient's Cup, and taken in the Play,
Why 'gainst my Orders dost thou drink? Did say.

Ep. 102. On Bassus. 84

For three Drachms's worth thou offer'st to expend,
Thou requir'st [illegible]'d, I early thee attend,

Make

Make up thy Train, and trot before thy Chair,
When thou Old Ladies court'ſt to be their Heir.
My Gown is Thread-bare, mean, I not deny,
Yet ſuch I cannot for three Drachma's buy.

Ep. 104. *To* Phœbus.

My Bond made to thee for an hundred Pound,
Thou'lt give me up, for Thanks, my Debt compound.
Kinder thou'lt be, to lend me fifty more,
To ſhew thy Bounty to me on this ſcore.
And elſewhere place the other Gift of thine;
What I can never Pay, 's already mine.



LIB. X.

Ep. 1. *The Book to the Reader.*

IF I too large, *Reader*, appear to thee,
But little read, and I ſhall little be:
Oft in each Page I end: Then, for thy Eaſe,
Make me as long, or ſhort, as thou doſt pleaſe.

Ep. 2. *To the Reader.*

This my *Tenth Book* gone forth, I did remand,
Having too haſtily eſcap'd my hand:
Some things thou'lt find, *Reader*, that were before,
But more correct, with much that's added more;

Favour

Favour both Pains. *Reader*, my Wealth thou art,
Any Kaw could nought, like thee, so Rich impart.
By Praise, said she, thou shalt be kept alive,
And after Death, thy *Nobler Part* survive.
Wild Shrubs *Messalas* Marbles pierce and cleave,
And Rusticks mock th' Half-Images they leave.
Books fear not Age, nor at Times mercy lye,
These Monuments, alone, do never dye.

Ep. 4. To Mamurra.

Who Tales of *Colchos*, *Scylla*, *Tereus*, read,
What do they, but their Minds with Monsters feed?
For what are *Atys*, *Hylas*, Rapes to thee?
Endymion's Sleep, from *Cynthia*'s Charms, ne're free?
The Boy that in himself took such delight?
Ic'rus's lofty unadvised Flight?
What is there, in these wretched Lyes, to please?
Read that may shew thee, what's thy Mind's Disease,
No *Gorgons*, *Centaurs*, *Harpies*, stuff my Pen,
My Pages relish of the Acts of Men.

Mamurra, if thy ſelf thou fear'ſt to know,
On *Callimachus*'s Dreams thy Time beſtow.

Ep. 8. *On* Paula.

Paula me oft to marry her does pray;
But ſhe's ſo old, I cannot her obey;
Yet were ſhe older, I'd not ſay her nay.

Ep. 9. *On Himſelf.*

Why doſt thou envy *Martial*'s being known
For his ſmart Verſe, abuſive yet to none?
That *Rome*, the Provinces extol his Name?
Celer, the Race Horſe, has a louder Fame.

Ep. 10. *To* Paulus.

When thou of Cons'lar Rank think'ſt it no ſcorn
An hundred to ſalute by early Morn;
What Office, *Paulus*, leav'ſt thou unto me,
And to *Rome*'s numerous Throng of low Degree?

Who

Who ſtoops himſelf, ſhall I call Lord and King?
Crutch to one acts the fawning Underling?
Shall I attend his Chair, who does not ſhun
Others to bear, through thick and thin to run?
To praiſe Men's Verſe what boots it oft to riſe,
When thou to ſhew Applauſe, doſt not deſpiſe
Always to ſtand, with hands ſtretch'd to the Skies,
What ſhall mean Men do, Clients when no more?
If thoſe are Great ſhare Duties with the Poor?

Ep. 11. *On* Calliodorus.

Of *Theſeus* and *Perithous* thou doſt prate,
And dar'ſt thy ſelf, with *Pylades*, to mate.
May I not live, if *Pylade's* Hogs to keep
Thou doſt deſerve, or *Theſeus* Stable ſweep.
Yet a round Sum, thou ſay'ſt, to name no more,
And ſev'ral Gowns I've given to Friends, were Poor.
Mart.] But nought did *Pylades* to *Oreſtes* give,
But both, in Common, did in all things live.

Know

Know that, thy narrow Soul ne're knew before,
Who gives, tho much, does yet deny much more.

Ep. 13. *On* Tucca.

When none, like thee, in Riches does o'reflow,
So much for Uſe, ſo much for Pride, can ſhow,
Such ſtately Houſes, built for more Delight
On the adjoyning Sea, which thou mak'ſt white,
When in the Waves, to bathe, thou doſt deſcend,
And Flouds of Perfumes, in the Flouds, doſt ſpend.
When *Venus* ſleeps not on a ſofter Bed,
Nor cheicer Wines do ſteep God *Bacchus* head,
Than crown thy Cup, and ſparkle in thy Glaſs:
Yet thou, forlorn, whole Days and Nights doſt paſs
At a proud Strumpet's Gate, know'ſt Sighs and Fears
More than the Wretched, and doſt weep more Tears.
Why 'tis ſo Ill with thee, would'ſt have me tell?
Becauſe, fond *Tucca*, all things are ſo well.

Ep.

Ep. 14. *On* Crispus.

Thou sayst, 'mong all my Friends, there's not thy (Peer.
But how, that this is so, does it appear?
When I desir'd to borrow fifty Pound,
Thou didst refuse, tho Gold did so abound,
Thy Chests could not contain it. When did'st send
A Present from thy Farm? Or yet pretend
T' impart a Piece of Plate? Or so bestow
A Gown, to guard me from the Frost and Snow?
I cannot see in what my Friend thou art,
But that, before me, thou dost freely F——

Ep. 16. *To* Caius.

If Promises, for Gifts, thou dost account,
See, *Caius*, how in Gifts I thee surmount.
Take all the Gold delv'd in *Asturian* Fields,
The Wealthy Sand the Strand of *Tagus* yields,
What e're the *Indians* find of Yellow Oar,
The Spices which the Phœnix Nest do store.

Tyre

Tyre's richeſt Purple, All that All Men have,
I gave you, *Calus*, juſt as you me gave.

Ep. 18. *On* Marius.

Marius nor Treats, nor yet does Preſents ſend;
Surety will be for none, to none will lend;
Crowds yet of Clients courts this worthleſs Lord!
O *Rome*, what Fools do thy long Gowns afford!

Ep. 19. *To* Pliny.

My Book not learn'd enough, enough ſevere,
But yet not Rude, to ſweet-tongu'd *Pliny* bear,
Sportive *Thalia*. The *Saburran* way
Paſs'd, with ſhort labour the next Hill you may
Aſcend: From whence, thou (*Orpheus* ſet on high,
Drench'd by the Theatre) plainly ſhalt deſcry
The wond'ring Beaſts, the King of Birds and Air,
Which the young *Phrygian* to the Thunder bear:
There thy Friend *Pedo*'s Houſe ſtands alſo by,
Shewing a leſſer Eagle carv'd on high.

But to learn'd *Pliny*, make not thy Addreſs
Wanton, but when Time ſuits for thy Acceſs,
He in ſeverer Studies ſpends the Day,
How he the *Hundred Judges* beſt may ſway:
Studies, which Ours, nor no Age, will forbear,
With *Tully*'s nobleſt Labours to compare.
Thou'lt ſafeli'ſt go, when it is Candle-light,
This is thy Hour, when *Bacchus* madds the Night;
When Odors reign, when Roſes crown the Head,
By rigid *Cato* then thou may'ſt be read.

Ep. 21. *To* Sextus.

To write ſo darkly, what delights doſt take,
That the moſt Learned nought of it can make?
Thy Book * *Claranus*, nor * *Modeſtus*, can
Expound, it needs *Apollo*, not a Man.
But, thou being Judge, *Cinna*'s obſcurer Strain
Excels the Sun ſhine found in *Maro*'s Vein.
May'ſt ſo be prais'd; whilſt I am read with Eaſe,
And both the Criticks, and no Criticks, pleaſe.

* *Two great Criticks.*

Ep.

Ep. 24. *On* Antonius Primus.

Antonius, happy in a Calm Old Age
Of threescore Years compleat, has pass'd the Rage.
Ponders the Times h'as liv'd, his secur'd Years,
And Death, that's marching on, he no way fears.
There's no Day grieves, or shames, him, that is gon;
None which with Gladness he reflects not on.
A good Man's Age is doubled, Time, twice o're,
He lives, who thus Enjoys his Life before.

Ep. 25. *On* Scævola, *acted by a Criminal.*

Who *Mutius* acted on the Stages Sand,
So promptly thrust into the Flame his Hand;
If Stout and Brave, for this thou dost him deem,
Thy self, of some dull Clime, I must esteem:
When thus to save his Life was only place,
Hardier 't 'ad been, to have refus'd the Grace.

Ep. 29. On Diodorus.

The Senate did thy Birth-Day celebrate,
Many Knights also at thy Table sate:
Largess thou gav'st; yet still thou art all Man's Scorn,
None will believe, that ever thou were't * Born.

* *A base upstart Person of an unknown Descent, was stil'd A Son of the Earth.*

Ep. 30. To Apollinaris.

O Bay of *Formia*, temperate and fair!
Which, when *Apollinaris*, tir'd with Care,
Flies from the toylsom Business of the Town,
Than pleasant *Tybur* holds in more Renown,
His chast Wife's Son! Prefers to th' sweet Recess
Of *Tusculane*, *Prænestе*, *Lucrine*; less
Esteems *Cajeta*, or what Men more admire,
Rais'd by their Fancy, or by Fiction, higher.
A gentle Air here glides o're *Thetis* Face,
Such as the Fans of Virgins make, to chace

Sum-

Summer's ungrateful Heat. The Sea is ſmooth,
Not torpid dead, but a ſoft Gale does ſooth
The active Calm, and painted Gallies move.
For Fiſh you need not launch into the Deep,
Theſe you may take, and yet your Chamber keep;
Out at your Window caſt your Line and Lead,
And draw the dangling Prey up to your Bed.
And when the Waves by Winter Winds ariſe,
From your ſafe Board you may the Storm deſpiſe.
Gardens no leſs, and freſh Springs *Formis* grace,
Fountains are ſeen to flow in ev'ry place;
Fiſh-ponds the Stranger Trout and Mullet feed,
The home-bred Pike, being calm'd, does com'd ſpeed;
Fat Carps here know their Names, and to you make,
And all a paſs-time 'tis, no pains, to take.

But to the Owners when does *Rome* give leave,
But a few Days theſe Pleaſures to receive?
Fruition's loſt, while they to Buſineſs cleave.
Theſe Sweets, (O Fiſhers and Gardners, happy Crue!)
Were for your Lords prepar'd, but are enjoy'd by you.

Ep. 31. *On* Calliodorus. 30

Thy Servant thou for a Great Sum didst sell,
That but once, *Calli'dore*, thou might'st Fare well.
Nor far'dst thou well: A Mullet of four Pound
Was the head Dish, which the whole Table crown'd.
May we not, *Wretch*, exclaim 'gainst this thy Treat?
Say, 'Twas a Man, not Fish, that thou didst eat.

Ep. 33. *To* Munatius Gallus. 32

Munatius Gallus more sincere by far
Than *Socrates*, or ancient *Sabins* were:
So may thy Wife's chast Love inflame thy Heart,
And from her Noble Stock may'st ne're depart;
If when Black Rhimes defame the Age, or Men,
And Malice would ascribe them to my Pen,
Thou me acquit, and stoutly dost contend,
That way none write, who Wit and Fame befriend.
I ever in my Book have had the Care,
Tho Vice I tax, the Persons still to spare.

Ep. 35. *On* Sulpicia.

All Virgins chaſte *Sulpicia* read,
Who but in one Love wiſh to ſpeed;
All Husbands chaſte *Sulpicia* read,
Who hold one Wife the happi'ſt Meed.
Medea's Rage ſhe does not write,
Thyeſtes horrid Feaſt recite;
Of *Scylla*, or of *Biblis*, tell,
What Transformations them befel:
Such Tales ſhe ſeeks not to retrieve,
Nor did ſhe ever them believe.
Her Verſe of Pious Love does treat,
Fraught with quick Wit, and choice Conceit.
Who rightly of her Poems deem,
Nothing more Sportive to them ſeem,
Or which more Holy they eſteem!
Such were the Joys, divine and ſweet,
When *Numa* did *Egeria* meet,

And him the Goddeſs did inſpire,
To inſtitute the *Veſtal* Fire.
Her School had ſhe been trained in,
Sappho more Chaſte and Learn'd had been;
Phaon, who Womankind did fly,
Could not *Sulpicia* Love deny;
Her Graces known, he muſt be ta'en,
And love her, thô he lov'd in vain.
For were ſhe from *Calenus* free,
Calenus the Beloved He,
Apollo's Wife, nor *Jove*'s, ſhe'd be.

Ep. 39. *On* Lesbia. 38

Old *Lesbia* ſwears, and to be borne would fain
Be thought in *Brutus* Days, or *Numa*'s Reign;
But lies in both: Her *Æra* we muſt fetch
From Elder Times, unto *Prometheus* ſtretch.
Who ſees her foul cadav'rous Face, will ſay,
Lo, the firſt Woman e're was made of Clay!

Ep. 43. On Philo.

Thy Seventh Wife, *Phila*, 's busy'd in thy Field,
No Land, than thine, a Richer Crop doth yield.

Ep. 69. *To* Q. Ovidius.

Quintus Ovidius now resolv'd to see
The Northern *Britains*, and the Ocean Sea,
Charming *Nomentum* cannot him with-hold,
His House and sweet Repose, altho' he's Old.
All do thy Faith deservedly commend, (Friend,
Which, in contempt of Life, thou shew'st thy
While on his exil'd Steps thou dost attend.
But tho the Joys of Life thou thus delay,
Thy Thread of Life the *Parcæ* will not stay,
But rig'rously impute to thee each Day.
Return at length, and at thy Home remain;
Nor 'mong thy Friends, to count thy self, disdain.

Ep. 45. *On his Malignant Reader.*

43

If in my Books ought ſweet and gentle found,
Ought celebrating famous Acts is found,
Witleſs thou deem'ſt, a dry Bone valu'ſt more,
Than ſuch choice Morſels of the nobleſt Boar.
If Ranc'rous Spleen be thy belov'd Diſeaſe,
My Candid Vein will ne're thy Malice pleaſe.

Ep. 47. *To* Julius Martialis. 45

What our Lives render moſt at eaſe,
My deareſt *Martial*, they are theſe:
A 'State that's left, not got with Toyl;
A conſtant Fire, a fruitful Soyl;
A quiet Life, from Law-Suits free;
But ſeldom that the Gown doth ſee;
Ingenuous Strength, a Body ſound;
Prudent Plainneſs, Friends equal found;
An artleſs Board, with eaſie Fare;
A Night not Drunk, but free from Care;

A Bed not sowre, and yet that's Chaste;
Sound Sleep, that makes Night seem to haste;
Nought else, but what thou art, to wish to be,
The last Hour not to fear, or press to see.

Ep. 49. *On* Cotta. 47

When rich *Opimian* Wine thy self dost quaff,
Turn th' Amethystin Glasses often off,
Thou vile *Sabinum* offer'st unto me,
And say'st, wilt drink in Gold? To shew th'art free.
Who cares (thy Sordid Nature to unfold,)
For Leaden Wine, tho' in a Cup of Gold?

Ep. 51. *To* Faustinus. 49

Now that the Vernal Constellations chace
The Winter's Rage, and Earth renews her Face;
Now the Fields smile, and Trees fresh Verdures take,
And *Philomel* her charming Plaints does make;
What Days, what Joys, does *Rome* from thee withhold?
What Ease from City Toyl, not to be told?

O Woods! O Founts! O *Anxur*'s pleasant Strand!
Where rolling Waves wash o're the glist'ring Sand,
Where ev'n from Bed you divers Waters see,
Here Boats on Rivers glide, there on the Sea.

But some will urge, You do not here behold
The Capitol, the Temples rich with Gold
Embelish'd, which in Gorgeousness draw nigh,
The Heav'ns they represent, and with them vye;
Rome's august Bathes, nor Theatres, are here,
Her Grandeur does not in the least appear.

Before you, both Advantages, I lay,
And now, I fancy, I do hear you say,
As Men, when with Ill Wives they can't agree,
Rome, **Take what's thine, render what's mine to me.*

* These were the form of Words used in Divorces.

Ep. 53. *An Epitaph on* Scorpus.

I am that *Scorpus*, Glory of the Race,
Rome's admir'd Joy, but Joy for a short space.
Among the Dead, *Fates* early me enroll'd,
Numb'ring my Conquests, they did think me old.

Ep. 57. *To Sextus.*

You'd wont to send a Pound of Plate each year,
But half a Pound does now from you appear,
And that of Spice. I buy not Spice so dear.

Ep. 59. *On his Lazy and Nice Readers.*

If one sole Epigram takes up a Page,
You turn it o're, and will not there engage;
Consulting not its Worth, but your dear Ease;
And not what's Good, but what is Short, does please.
I serve a Feast with all the richest Fare
The Market yields; for Tarts you only care.
My Book's not fram'd such nice Guests to treat,
But such as Bread prefer, and solid Meat.

Ep. 61. *An Epitaph on* Erotion.

Erotion's early Ghost reposeth here,
By Crime of *Fates* extinct in his Sixth Year.
Who after me is Owner of this Field,
Grudge not the Dead th'annual Rites to yield:
On all thou hast, so may good Fortune shine,
And nought, beside this Stone, be sad that's thine.

Ep. 65. *To* Carmenion. 61

When thou doſt boaſt thy Iſle of *Corinth* free,
And none can this Pretence deny to thee;
Carmenion, unriddle by what Claim
Thou call'ſt me *Brother*, that was born in *Spain*.
So much do we reſemble one th'other,
That 'tis for Likeneſs thou may'ſt call me *Brother*?
Thou always comb'd and curl'd doſt trimly go,
My harſh unruly Hair no Laws will know;
Thy Skin with Ointment's ever ſoft and ſleek,
Mine is o'regrown with Briſtles rough and thick;
In Liſping Speech thou greatly doſt rejoyce,
My Daughter ſpeaks with a more Manly Voice;
A Dove more like an Eagle does appear,
Than thou to me; a Lion to a Deer.
The name of *Brother*, prithee, then let fall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt, I ſhould thee *Siſter* call.

Ep. 66. *On* Theopompus. 62

Who could ſo Cruel, who ſo Brutiſh be,
As for a Cook, *Theopomp*, to uſe thee?
Could any ſoil that Face ſo ſweetly Fair?
Condemn to Soot and Greaſe that lovely Hair?
None worthier with the Chriſtal Glaſs to ſtand,
And praiſe the Wine with his more Chriſtal Hand.

For

For such a Fate, if beauteous Boys must look,
Next News we hear; *Jove* dozes upon a Cook.

Ep. 70. *To Potitus.*

That scarce one Book I publish in a Year,
Potitus, sloathful I to thee appear;
But more, that One I write, thou may'st admire,
Consid'ring how much Time does, lost, expire.
At early Morn I give the Great, Good Day;
Next, to my own Affairs, some Time I pay;
To *Dian*'s Temple oft I'm made to speed,
To witness to a Will, or sign a Deed;
Then i'th' Courts of Law I'm forc'd to attend,
I'th' Worship of the Gods some Time to spend;
And when a Poet does his Works recite,
To give a Day, is held a thing but light;
Nor can I this deny to those that Plead,
To those on Rhet'rick, and on Grammar read;
Congratulate I must each Friend's Success,
Thô I, on like account, ne're knew Address;
Now harrass'd out, at Even, 'tis time to think
Of my * *Days Hire*, to purchase Meat and Drink,
To tend my self, towards the Bathes to look.
What Time is here, *Potitus*, for a Book?

* *Sportula.*

Ep.

Ep. 74. To Rome.

Spare a tir'd Client, now at length, proud *Rome*:
How long must I submit unto the Doom,
To trot among the Daggled-Ushering-Train
Of poorer Gown-men, Leaden Coin to gain?
While * *Crassus*, in one Hour alone o'th' Day,
Whole Bags of radiant Gold can bear away?
I do not as'k the Merit of my Book,
For Flocks in rich *Apulian* Pastures look;
For *Glebes* of *Nile*, or *Hybla*'s Honey Fields,
Or yet the Gen'rous Vines *Falernus* yields.
What is't, dost then require, which me would please
To sleep my fill, and pass my Days in Ease.

* *A Chariot-driver.*

Ep. 75. On Galla.

Galla, times past, ask'd me an hundred Pound
And 'twas not much, where such a Form was found
After one Year, Fifty was her Demand:
Methought, she now was at a dearer hand.

Some

Some time lapsed: Says she, I weary you'l bestow?
Ten, I shall gladly: But she answer'd, No.
Two, three or Months, I know not well, pass'd more:
Then she asked Nobles, and of them, but four.
And I reply'd, Well, send a hundred Pence:
But this seem'd then too much, and I went thence.
She next, my poor dry *Spintula* did crave.
Good truth, said I, that to my Boy I gave.
Was 't possible, that she should lower go?
Yes: *Gratis* she offer'd, and I said, No.

Ep. 76. On Mevius.

Does this thing, *Fortune*, equal seem to thee,
That One not of a *Syrian* late set free,
Or from a Slave hoist to a Knight's Degree,
But of *Rome* born, of *Romulus* own Race,
Just, Friendly, Good, in Wit to none gives place,
Learn'd in both Tongues, whose Crime is only this,
But 'tis a Great One; *He's a Poet i'th*;
Should shiver in a Garment poor and old,
While a vile Jocky braveries it in Gold?

Ep. 80. *On Eros.*

Eros drops Tears, when e're he does behold,
Fair Jewels, Pictures, Antick Works of Gold;
Sighs from his Heart, that Home he cannot bear,
What e're the Shops expose of Glorious Ware.
How many do the same, but make no show?
Laugh at such Tears, and yet the same Grief know.

Ep. 89. *On the Statue of* Juno.

Thy *Juno, Polycles*, (most matchless Piece!)
May well contest the proudest Hand of *Greece*.
Had but the Goddess shone with such a Grace
In *Ida*, both her Rivals had given place.
Tho his own *Juno, Jove* did here approve,
Before his brightest Strumpets thine he'd love.

Ep. 96. *To* Avitus.

That I so often talk of Remote Lands,
My native *Salo* thirst, and *Tagus* sands;
The Plenty of a homely Farm desire;
And yet grow Old in *Rome*, thou dost admire.

That

That Place, *Avitus*, moſt does pleaſe, in which
A Jeſt, Wealth, but Riots, and makes Rich.
The Barren Field muſt here be ever fed,
Which there, Manur'd, will give the Owner Bread.
The Niggard Fire ſcarce warms the Chimny here,
The bounteous Blaze, there y' whole houſe do's cheer.
Here Hunger's dear, the Shambles all confound,
Thy Table's loaden there from thine own Ground.
Four Gowns a Year are here conſum'd, and more,
There one will ſerve, to rub out the whole four.
Go then, the Great adore; What they deny,
Thy Field alone, *Avitus*, will ſupply.

Ep. 100. *To the Stealer of his Verſes.*

Why doſt thou mix my Verſes, Fool, with thine?
What has thy jarring Strein to do with mine?
Why doſt thou yoke the Lion, and the Aſs?
Seek to make Owls, for noble Eagles, paſs?
Had'ſt thou, *fond Sot*, ſwift *Ladas* Foot, for one,
The other Wood, in vain it were to run.



LIB. XI.

Ep. 4. To his Book.

NOT only those at Ease my Verses love,
And the more Civiliz'd my Muse approve:
But the rough Soldier does my Leaves o'relook,
'Mong Snows and Martial Ensigns reads my Book.
The *Britains* too are laid, my Verse to sing.
But what does this unto my Coffers bring?
What living Numbers from my Quill would flow?
What Blasts would my *Pierian* Trumpet blow?
If as *Augustus* now again does reign,
I also a *Mecenas* could obtain.

Ep. 6. In Praise of Nerva.

Thy love of Right and Justice, *Cæsar*, 's more,
Than *Numa* was, and *Numa* yet was poor.
'Tis rare, when Riches cannot taint the Mind,
In *Crœsus* Wealth, a *Numa*'s Soul to find.
If our old *Romans* of renowned Name,
(Dispens'd with in *Elisium*) hither came,
Camillus, thee t' obey, would think it free;
Fabricius would take Gold, if giv'n by thee;
In such a King *Brutus* would take delight;
Sylla, to thee, resign th' Imperial Right;
Cæsar and *Pompey*, private Men would live;
And *Crassus* his lov'd Treasure to thee give;
Cato himself, if *Fates* would set him free,
Return'd to Earth, *would a Cæsarean be.*

Ep. 14. An Epitaph on Paris *the Player.*

Who passes the *Flaminian* way,
At this Innobled Marble stay.

The City's Darling, *Egypt*'s Wit,
Who Art and Grace the beſt did hit,
And Mirth unto all Humours fit,
The Grief, the Glory, of *Rome*'s Stage,
The Love, the Beauty, of the Age,
Do here entomb'd with *Paris* lye,
And did with him together dye.

Ep. 28. *To* Flaccus.

Th'art Iron, *Flaccus*, if to ſuch a Dame,
Who begs vile Gifts, thou can'ſt keep up a Flame;
Cow-heels does ask, Tripes, Sprats, & Scraps of Fiſh,
And a whole Pompion, holds too much, to wiſh:
To whom her Maid, joyful to have got, does pour
Cheap Pulſe, which greedily ſhe does devour:
And when ſhe's bold, and will all ſhame depoſe,
Begs Yarn enough to knit a pair of Hoſe.

My Wench Perfumes exacts, both Rich and Rare,
Rubies and Pearls, and thoſe muſt alſo Pair;
Choice *Naples* Silk, with her, will only paſs,
An hundred Crowns in Gold, ſhe begs, like Braſs.

Give

Give I such Gifts, dost say, a Miss to please?
No: But I'd have her Merit such as these.

Ep. 30. *On an old wanton Lady.*

When with Caresses thou would'st me excite,
All Virile Pow'r thou dost extinguish quite:
For when thou call'st me *Love*, thy *Life*, and *Dear*,
The Surfeit I digest not in a Year.
These were due Arts, when thou wert Young & Fair,
Thou dost not know what Aged Toyings are.
I give thee, Martial, say, *Ten thousand Pound*,
My Mannor House, with all the fertile Ground;
I give thee Jewels, Plate, whole Caves of Wine.
These, without Love-Tricks, will to Love encline.

Ep. 33. *On* Nestor.

When not a Pan of Coals, a rotten Bed,
A Mat thou hast, whereon to lay thy Head,
A Coat, a Boy, a Child, a bare-bon'd Jade,
A Dog, a Dish, towards the Beggars Trade:

Yet *Nestor* thou affect'st, *Poor to be said,*
And 'mong the People tax'd, and have a Head.
Th' aspir'st in vain unto such high Esteem.
Who *Nothing* has, a *Rogue*, not *Poor*, we deem.

Ep. 35. *On* Aper.

I'th' House th'art bought, none but an Owl will
So dark, so streight, so ruinous the Cell.
But *Maro*'s splendid *Villa* is hard by,
Here frankly thou wilt eat, tho lordid lye.

Ep. 36. *On* Fabullus.

When they invis't a Crowd, and Strangers all,
Wonder't, I come not also at thy Call?
A Crowd to me, and Solitude, are one,
And I, *Fabullus*, never Sup alone.

Ep. 38. *On* Zoilus.

Why *Zoilus* dost thou bury, not enfold,
A Di'mond spark in a whole pound of Gold?
When late a Slave, this Ring thy Leg might wear,
But such a Weight thy Finger cannot bear.

Ep. 45. *On one Old and Childish.*

Now th'art Childless, Rich, above measure Old,
The Love profes'd to thee, sincere dost hold?
True Love I have found. Yes, when Young and Poor;
Who love thee now, do love thy Death much more.

Ep. 46. *To Julius.*

Thou hop'st in vain, *Julius*, I did invite
This Courage to my Table, this to fight
If better; but to offer't, come to Night
We'll bathe together, 'tis Eight o'Clock before,
Vera's Bath is to my House, you know the nearer
Mine, Figs for an Antepast, Mushrooms, wove
With Onions Regal'd, are dainty to have
To Brown Beef-steaks, Pullets, Pig, Lamb, Veal,
Go to Proper dishes that preserve,
The grateful Appetite. If ask, What more?
I'll lye, to make you come, Oysters, Wild Boar,
Choice fatted Fowl ta'en from the Coop, or Pens,
Such as ev'n *Stella* rarely does afford,
Tho altogether Princely is his Board.
Those noble Joys that rouse the Woods and Fens,
I'll promise more. No Verses I'll recite,
To hear yours read, I dedicate the Night,

Your

Your Genius War, your Art of Tilling Fields,
Which not in Worth t' immortal *Virgil's* yields.

Ep. 57. On Cheremon.

That Death thou so immod'rately dost praise,
Thou hop'st in all Astonishment to raise.
This Courage a crack'd Pitcher does inspire,
A Chimny cold, without a Spark of Fire;
A Couch, with Straw and Vermin only dight,
A curtain-thread-bare Coat, for Day and Night.
How Great a Man art thou, can'st bid farewel
To Brown-bread Crusts, Wine-Lees, a nasty Cell?
Go to, let now thy Bed be stuffing full
Of softest Down, thy Blankets scarlet Wool;
Let Incense by thee, Graces to the Feasts,
And more, than all the Wine, inflames the Guests.
Oh, how thou dost wish, thou might'st live *Nestor's* Years!
How ev'ry Minute lost, thou'dst count with Tears!
In a Poor State, their Lives, Men eas'ly give;
He's held the Bravest then, that dares to live.

Epig. 8. *To Severus.* 98

That I invite, and Verses to thee send,
Wonder'st, *Severus*, Rich and Learned Friend:
Jove, fated with *Ambrosia*, still doth live;
Yet Wine and Frankincense to *Jove* we give.
If, with Abundance full, thou dost reject,
Such as thou hast, there's nought thou can'st accept.

Ep. 70. *On the Bitch* Lydia. 46

I trained was by Masters of the Game,
th' Field no Hound more fierce, i'th' House more
Lydia my Name, my Owner's right Hand held,
Erigones Dog, not me, in Faith excell'd,
Nor *Lelaps* yet, for whose great Truth 'tis told,
By *Jove* among the Stars he was enroll'd.
Like **Argus* a long Life I did not spend *Ulyss. Dog.
No Sloth, by useless Age brought to my End;
But the fierce Tusks of an enraged Boar,
Like that of *Calydon*, my Entrails tore.
Nor of my early Death do I complain,
A nobler Fate I could no way sustain.

Ep.

Ep. 72. On Leda.

To her old Husband *Leda* made her moan,
That her Hysterick Fits were helpless grown:
And that her Life, no hope there was, to save,
Unless by Honour, for her Life, she gave.
But Sighing then, and drown'd in Tears, she said,
That she had rather chuse to be Dead.
The old Man begg'd, that she her Life would spare
And of her youthful Years have tender Care:
Said, he'd give leave that others might supply,
What Age in him did in her help deny.
Straight young and able Doctors, *Leda* knew,
Were sent for; and the Women all withdrew.
They laid her gently on her Bed, for cure.
Ah cruel Help, says she, that I endure!

Ep. 73. To Petus.

To pay ten Pounds I owe, you press me sore;
'Cause other ways I've lost two hundred more.
Let not the Crimes but Debts of others Men:
If thou can'st lose two Hundred, pardon Ten.

Ep. 85. *Of Antiochus.*

Who loves his Life, and ſeeks not yet to dye,
Antiochus, the Barber, let him fly.
The *Phryg'an* Prieſts not ſo remorſeleſs launce
The Fleſh, as he, in their inſpired Dances.
Surg'ons, their Patients, not ſo in Blood embrue,
When from them Limbs, like Carpenters, they hew.
He's only fit to trim a Horſes Mane;
Or elſe ſome Stoick, who contemns all Pain.
Prometheus would chuſe the Rock, rather have
The Vulture gnaw his Heart, than ſee him ſhave.
Pentheus would ſooner to *Agaue* fly,
Orpheus to th' *Menades*, than ſure to dye,
Than twice *Antiochus*'s Razor try.
The Scars you ſee upon my martyr'd Face,
Which worſe than Wrinkles of Old Age diſgrace,
Not one my ſtow'rd Wife's curs'd Nails did tear,
But the whole Hands, leſs than his Irons, ſpare.
The Goat, of all the Creatures, is moſt wiſe,
Who wearing's Beard, *Antiochus* does deſpiſe.

Ep.

Ep. 87. *On Parthenopeus.* 54

To eaſe thy Throat, & thy rough Gough aſſwage,
Honey's preſcrib'd, 'gainſt its impetuous Rage,
Paſteels, Marchpanes, and all ſuch Knacks, whereby
Children are ſtill'd, when they do fiercely cry:
But yet theſe, day nor night, thy Cough appeaſe.
Haſt thou a Cold, or Liquoriſh Diſeaſe?

Ep. 90. *An Epitaph on* Canace. 57

Æolian Canace here entomb'd doth lye,
Who, in her early Flow'r of Age, did dye.
O Sad and Cruel Chance! Thy Tears reſtrain,
Of her Untimely Death we don't complain,
But what's more Tragick yet, our Eyes deplore,
The manner of her Death, than Death was more.
An horrid Cancer ſeiz'd her lovely Face,
Devour'd and poiſon'd all her youthful Grace,
Spar'd not her roſie Mouth, *Love*'s Seat of Bliſs
But eat the Lips, that ravith'd with each Kiſs.
This dire Diſeaſe we juſtly curſe and blame,
That left but half her Face to th' Funeral Flame.

If with ſuch winged Speed Fate needs muſt come,
Why yet ſo barb'rous and ſevere the Doom?
Her charming Speech Death haſted to ſuſpend,
Leſt rigid Gods, mov'd by her Words, ſhould bend.

Ep.

Ep. 93. *On* Zoilus.

Zoilus, he ly'd, who said, Thou vicious wert:
When not Vicious, but Vice it self, thou art.

Ep. 94. *On* Theodore, *an ill Poet.*

Flames, *Theodore*'s Pierian Roofs, did seize,
Can this *Apollo*, this the *Muses* please?
O over-sight of Gods! O dire Disaster!
To burn the harmless House, and not the Master.

Ep. 99. *To* Bassus.

Those *Kiss* in *Rome*, no means there is to shun,
They meet you, stop you, after you they run,
Press you before, behind, to each Side cleave,
No Place, no Time, no Men, exempted leave;
A dropping Nose, salv'd Lips, can none Reprieve,
Gangrenes, foul running Sores, any relieve;
They kiss those Sweat, & those that shake with Cold,
Lovers, their Mistress last Kiss, cannot hold;
A Chair is no Defence, with Curtains guarded,
With Door and Windows shut, and closely warded,
The *Kissers*, through a Chink, will find a way,
Presume the Tribune, Consul's self to stay;
Nor can the awful Rods, or Lictor's Mace,
His stounding Voice away the *Kissers* chace,

But

But they'l ascend the Rostra, Curule Chair,
The Judges kiss, while they give Sentence there;
Those Laugh they kiss, and those that Sigh & Weep;
Those that do Yawn, and those that are asleep;
Those who do bathe, and recreate at the Pool,
Who are withdrawn, to ease themselves at Stool.
Against this Plague, I know no Fence, but this,
Make him thy Friend, whom thou abhorr'st to kiss.

Ep. 102. *On* Lydia. 65

He ly'd not, *Lydia*, who pronounc'd thee Fair,
For Flesh and Bloud, none may with thee compare.
This is most true, while thou dost Silent stand,
Like some rare Piece of a Great Master's Hand.
But when thou speak'st, ev'n such thy Beauty's gon,
And their own Tongue none ever so did wrong.
Let not the *Æsile* hear thee Silence break:
Is is a Portent, if an Image speak.



LIB. XII.

Ep. 4. *To* Priſcus. 4

AS fam'd *Mecenas* ſprung of Kingly Race,
Did *Horace*, *Varius*, mighty *Maro*, grace:
My Verſe and endleſs Time, *Priſcus*, ſhall thee
No leſs my Gen'rous Patron ſpeak to be.
Wit, and the Name I have, thou giveſt both,
Whoſe Bounty does maintain my learned Sloth.

Ep. 6. *On* Nerva. 6

Now God's mild *Nerva* to the Empire give,
Unto the *Muſes* we may wholly live.
Clemency, wary Pow'r, and Faith upright,
Poſſeſs the Throne, and put all Fear to flight,

Thus pray the Nations, *Rome*, and Pious Throng,
Their Prince may ſtill be ſuch, and this Prince long.
Enlarge thoſe Virtues we ſo rare do ſee,
Which *Numa*'s, or elſe *Cato*'s pleas'd might be.
Beſtow, enrich, the poor Man's Stock extend,
What God's ſcarce give, let thy free Bounty ſend.
'Tis lawful now, and ſafe; but then thou durſt,
Ev'n in a wicked Reign and Age, be Juſt.

Ep. 10. *On* Africanus.

African Millions has, and yet does groan,
Fortune can give too much, enough to none.

Ep. 13. *To* Auctus.

To make a Gain of Anger, rich Men know.
'Tis cheaper to be Angry, than beſtow.

Ep. 17. *On* Lentinus.

Lentinus, that thy Feaver does remain
So many Days, thou ſadly doſt complain.
It bathes with thee, 'tis carry'd in thy Chair,
Eats Oyſters with thee, Muſhrooms, Ven'ſon, Hare;

And drunk with nobleſt Wines 'tis often made,
Nor do theſe pleaſe, if not with Snow allay'd;
With Roſes crown'd, it ſumptuouſly does feaſt,
And in a purple downy Bed takes reſt.
While it with thee does fare ſo rich and well,
Think'ſt thou, with poor ſtarv'd *Dama* it will dwell?

Ep. 21. *On* Marcella. 19

Who can, *Marcella*, thee ſuppoſe to be
Of *Spaniſh* Birth, and our rough *Salo* free?
So Choice, ſo ſweetly Grac'd, that at firſt ſight,
The *Palace* challenge may in thee a Right.
Not one in the *Suburra* can compare
With thee, or who boaſts yet a courtlier Air.
Were other Beauties from the Nations ſought,
None would a *Latian* Dame, like thee, be thought.
Thou mak'ſt the City's loſs eaſie to be:
For thou alone art *Rome*, and more to me.

Ep. 25. *On* Theleſinus. 23

Money, without Pawn, th'aſt none; but at hand,
If for Security I'l 'gage my Land.

What thou'lt not truſt to me, thy ancient Friend,
To Trees and Mole-hills th'art content to lend.
Lo, the Delator, Wretch, impeaches thee,
Call now unto thy Patronage a Tree:
Exil'd, thou want'ſt a Friend with thee to go,
Can'ſt make a Field Companion of thy Woe?

Ep. 26. On an Unjuſt Friend.

'Cauſe thou, at early Morn, the Great does ſee,
And tread their Courts, thy ſelf of Lords Degree,
I, but a Knight, ſeem ſlothful unto thee,
That, at firſt Day, abroad I do not roam,
To bring, when tir'd, a thouſand Kiſſes home.
What thou doſt do, 's a Conſulſhip to gain,
Or elſe ſome wealthy Province to obtain.
I whom, to break my Sleep, thou doſt require,
And patiently to brook the Mornings Mire,
What get I, when my Toes break out a Door
Thrô my torn Shoo, and Clouds fierce Show'rs down pour,
And not a Servant have, dry Clothes to bring,
But while benum'd & drown'd you may me wring,

Leto-

Letorius ſends to call me to a Treat?
Be 't ne're ſo Rich, 'twere better never eat.
A Province is thy Lot, a Meal is mine,
My Toyl's the ſame, but not my Gain, with thine.

Ep. 32. *On* Vacerra.

O Jeſt and Shame of ſuch as Houſholds move,
When *July* comes, and do new Dwellings prove!
I ſaw thy Stuff, *Vacer*, thy Stuff I ſaw,
Which, for thy Rent, not ſeized on by Law,
Thy Landlord rather glad, ſuch Traſh to ſpare,
Thy red-fac'd Wife, with ſev'n red Hairs, did bear,
Help'd by thy Giant Siſter, and thy Mother;
Men thought the Furies there were got together;
For ſuch their Number was, and ſuch their Faces,
As if from *Hell* th'adſt fetch'd *Pluto's three Graces*.
The *Irus* of thy Age, thou theſe didſt follow,
Thy Skin, like ſeaſon'd Box, all pale and yellow;
With Cold and Hunger, alſo dry'd and parch'd:
All Beggars-Buſh, the People thought, had march'd.
A two-legg'd Table, and a three-legg'd Bed,
There went, a Pan with Fire, on thine own Head.

A Sconce and Goblet all of maſſy Horn,
A Jordan, it ſelf piſſing, as 'twas born;
Stale Sprats and Pilchards could not be conceal'd,
Their obſcene Scent, their Preſence there reveal'd.
Nor did there want to go in State with theſe,
A Cantle of unſav'ry *Tholoſe* Cheeſe,
A Wiſp of Penyroyal, four Years old,
A Rope, which Onions had, but pick'd, and bald;
A Pot of Turpentine, thy Mother's Care,
The Brothel Dames, with ſuch, fetch off their Hair.
Why mock'ſt thou Landlords, and doſt Houſes ſee,
When *Gratis*, *Vacer*, may thy Dwelling be?
Such Pomp of Goods, ſuch Houſhold-Stuff pertains
To High-ways, Hedges, Bridges, and to Lanes.

Ep. 34. *To* Julius Martialis. 30

Thirty four Years, I take it, thou and I,
Julius, have kept each other company,
In which ſome Jarrs, with much content, did meet;
But yet the greateſt part was ever ſweet;

And

And ſhould I mark the Days with black and white
Stones, moſt would be the Number of the bright.
If in thy Life much Anguiſh thou'dſt avoid,
With griping Pangs not have thy Heart annoy'd,
Wed thy ſelf too much to the love of none,
Leſs thou wilt Joy, but leſs thou'lt alſo Groan.

Ep. 35. *On* Caliſtratus. 31

That thou may'ſt ſeem more freely to converſe,
Some paſt Venerial Crimes thou doſt confeſs:
But yet in this thou doſt not clearly deal,
Who tells ſuch Faults, yet fouler does conceal.

Ep. 36. *On* Labullus. 32

That none, but thou, does in theſe Days extend
A pinching Gift, unto a needy Friend,
Think not for this, th'art Noble. No? How then?
Only the *Beſt*, among the *Worſt of Men.*
In bounteous Acts the *Seneca's* reſtore,
The *Piſo's*; but then, thoſe of heretofore;
And 'mong the *Good*, thou'lt hold the *Loweſt Place.*
Would'ſt thou contend in ſwiftneſs of the Race?
Paſſerin, and fleet *Tiger*, then o'repaſs,
It is no Glory to out-run an Aſs.

Ep. 40. *On* Pontilianus.

Ill Verſes doſt thou make? I them admire.
Doſt drink? I the Debauch do carry higher.
Doſt lye? Aſſent I give. Doſt fart? I'm mum.
Gam'ſt thou? I am content to be o'recome.
One thing thou doſt alone, I muſt confeſs,
Which not to name, my Kindneſs does expreſs,
Will 't nought for all return? Thou anſwer'ſt, Ay,
In my laſt Will. I ask no more, but Dye.

Ep. 46. *To* Claſſicus.

Zoilus and *Gallus* for their Poems had
Great Sums. Who ſays, That Poets now are Mad?

Ep. 48. *To a Sumptuous Treater.*

If Thruſh and Bo[illegible] you ſerve, as common Meat,
Not as my *Higheſt Wiſh*, I take your Treat:
But if you think me Bleſs'd, would have me write
You down my Heir, for Oyſters; then good Night.
Treat.] The Supper yet is rare. *Mart.*] No doubt, moſt rare,
But what, to morrow, will be this day's Fare?
Nay, within an hour? The unhappy Broom
And Mop can beſt declare, whoſe wretched Doom
It is to know; or elſe ſome Jakes or Sink,
Or hungry Dog, that ridd away the Stink.

And

And then, with your high Meats w'are ſure to meet
A Jaundice Colour, and Gout-torturing Feet.
Minerva's Feaſt I weigh not at that rate,
Nor *Jove*'s ſet out with greater Pomp and State.
Should Gods impute their Nectar unto me,
Vile, as the Lees of Vinegar, 'twould be.
For your Choice Meats ſome other Gueſts then find,
Who ſuits a proud Board with a ſervile Mind:
T' extemp'ry Meals let a Friend me invite,
That Treat does like me beſt, I can requite.

Ep. 50. *On one that had a Gay Houſe.* 42

Th'aſt Groves of Choiceſt Trees, Bathes more than one,
But, for more State, w^ch ſerve to thee alone;
Thy Portico's, on Columns high, do ſoar,
The trampled Onyx gliſters on thy Floor;
The winged Chariots praiſe thy ſandy Race;
The murm'ring Founts run waſte in ev'ry place;
Large are thy Courts, and Spacious is thy Hall;
But Place, to eat or ſleep, th'aſt none at all,
Of uſeful Rooms I can no Story tell.
How rarely, we may ſay, thou doſt not Dwell!

Ep. 51. *On* Fabullus. 43

Wonderſt, *Fabullus* oft deceiv'd, to ſee?
A Good Man will, a Novice, ever be.

Ep.

Ep. 53. *To* Sparſus. 48

Why to the Country I ſo oft retire,
A rude and barren Farm, if you enquire?
The Town, no place for Reſt, or Thoughts, does leave
The Mean; School-boys i'th' Morn our Sleeps bereave,
The Bakers Mills at Night, and the whole Day
The Braziers and the Coyners Hammers play;
Hemp-beaters their dull Thumpings never ceaſe,
Nor *Mars*'s raving Prieſts e're hold their peace;
Pity to move, the Wreck'd, forc'd Voices uſe,
As, by their Mothers taught, do begging *Jews*;
The loud Vociferations not to tell,
Of thoſe that Brooms and Brimſtone-matches ſell;
The clam'rous Factors of ſuch viler Ware,
Care to be heard, but not whoſe Ears they tare.
When that the Moon's eclips'd, you may as well
The Tinklings of the Pans and Kettles tell,
The Tintamars, when Witches her moleſt,
As count the various Dins the Town infeſt.

Spar-

Sparſus, you know not this, nor can it know,
So much you to your Princely Mannor owe,
Which ſeated on a ſweet and pleaſant Plain,
Ev'n Solitude of Mountains does diſdain;
Where you the Country, in the Town, enjoy,
Vignerons, in the depth of *Rome*, employ;
Nor in *Campania* does the nobleſt Hill
Yield richer Wines, than thoſe your Veſſels fill.
What is there Uſeful or Delightful found,
But in your Lordly Precinct does abound?
Your profound Sleeps, trouble from nought, receive,
The Day is not admitted, without leave.
But wretched we, thoſe thrô the Streets that walk,
Awake, while they but only Laugh or Talk.
All *Rome* is by our Couch: When Reſt I'd take,
To Bed I go not, but a Journy make.

Ep. 54. *On* Zoilus. 46

Thy Eyes ſquint, Foot's ſhort, Beard's black, and (Hair's red,
'Tis ſtrange, if alſo Good, *Zoilus*, thou can'ſt be ſaid.

Ep. 56. *On* Polycarmus.

Th'art ten times ſick, or oft'ner, in a Year,
Which makes thy Friends, not thee, of a ſad Cheer;
Who, for thy new Health, ſtill new Gifts muſt ſend.
Sicken, for ſhame at laſt, and make an end.

Ep. 61. *On* Sabellus.

Upon thy Birth-day pale and ſad thou art,
For fear the Cooks ſhould fail to play their Part;
Or that the Ladies want Snow for their Wine,
Or rightly in the Glaſs it ſhould not ſhine;
Th'art moſtly from the Board, the Gueſts to cheer,
Or whiſper fond Excuſes in their Ear;
And find'ſt not, thou art Starv'd, (which is the Jeſt)
At thine own Splendid and Voluptuous Feaſt.
What Frenzy's this, of thine own Choice to do,
What ev'n a Slave would not ſubmit unto?
All elſe, but thee, partake the Day's Delight;
But thou doſt need, th'Invited thee invite.
Sit down, indulge thy Soul, the Gueſts all pray.
Is this thy Birth, or Execution, Day?

Ep. 62. *On* Ligurra.

Leſt my ne're Dying Verſe 'gainſt thee I bend,
Thou much, *Ligurra*, ſeem'ſt to apprehend;
And worthy of this Danger would'ſt appear:
In vain thou acteſt this Vain-glorious Fear.
Libyan Lions with fierce Bulls engage,
Spend not on Butterflies their Nobler Rage!
If thou'dſt be *Talk'd of*, which to thee is Fame,
From ſome Red-lattice Poet ſeek a Name.
Such who on Walls with Chalk and Charcoal write,
Fit Verſes to be read, by thoſe that Sh——
Thy Forehead is too baſe for me to brand,
I'l Stignatize, by holding of my Hand.

Ep. 69. *To his Clients.*

For thy ſake, *early Client*, I did fly
The City; th' Ambitious with Viſits ply:
I am no Advocate, nor made for Striſe,
But, old and ſlow, love a Poetick Life;
Seek Sleep and Leaſure, which great Towns deny,
And here not found, back unto *Rome* I'l hie.

Ep.

Ep. 73. *On a Lawyer turn'd Farmer.*

Some Acres, and a House ready to fall,
You purchas'd have, joyning the Tombs o'th' *Gauls*;
Deserted your rich Fields, the Courts of Law,
The certain Gains a tatter'd Gown did draw;
While yet a Pleader, Corn and Pulse you sold,
But buy all these, since you a Farm did hold.

Ep. 81. *To his Maid.*

I've giv'n you many things, on your desire,
Much more than I agreed for in your Hire:
And yet you never cease to ask me more.
Should I grant all, you would be thought my Whore.

Ep. 82. *On* Callistratus.

Thou praisest All, to make thy Candor known:
But who All praises, truly praises None.

Ep. 92. *On* Maro.

Maro, for's aged Friend, sorely oppress'd
With Sickness, thus in's hearing did protest.
If the Sick Man escapes the Shades below,
On *Jove* a thankful Off'ring I'll bestow.
Good hopes, from thence, the Doctors 'gan to have,
Maro new Vows now makes, his first to save.

Ep. 94. *To* Priſcus.

What Man I'd be, thou often doſt demand,
Were I made Rich and Potent out of hand?
Think'ſt Men foreknow their Minds in ev'ry State:
What Lion then, wert one, would'ſt be? Relate.

Ep. 100. *He wiſhes* Junſt. Rufus *an Happy Government.*

Betis, with Olive Garlands, deck thy Hair,
Who makes the Flock all Golden Fleeces bear,
To *Bacchus*, *Pallas*, and to *Neptune* dear,
For Wine, for Oyl, for Traffick without Peer.
May *Rufus*, in his Charge, ſucceſsful be,
His Year, like that is paſs'd, be lov'd by thee.
That *Macer* he ſucceeds, he's well aware,
Who knows his Burden, beſt the Weight can bear.

Ep. 102. *To* Mattus.

Who, when thou knock'ſt, denies at Home to be,
Says this, I am not now at Home to thee.

Ep. 103. *To* Milo.

Milo, thou various Goods doſt ſet to Sale,
Which thoſe that buy, to bear away, ne're fail;
Thy Wife is better Ware, who often ſold,
Stays with the Seller, and is ſtill good Gold.

LIB. IV. Epigr. 91.

To his Book.

OH, 'tis enough, it is enough, my Book,
Upon the utmoſt Page thou now doſt look;
Would'ſt thou ſwell further yet? Yet larger be?
Not leave thy Paragraphs and Margins free?
As if to ſome known Period thou did'ſt tend,
When ev'ry Epigram may be thy End.
Reader and Printer tir'd, no more can brook,
'Tis time thy Self pronounce the Laſt Line ſtrook,
Oh, 'tis Enough, Oh, 'tis Enough, my Book.

FINIS.



SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL

ENGLISHED.

Dicitur & noſtros cantare Britannia verſus.
Lib. XI. Ep.

LICENSED,

April 23. 1689. *James Fraſer.*

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *Edward Jones*, for *Samuel* [illegible]
againſt *Exeter-Change* in the [illegible]

Ep. 45. *On his Malignant Reader.*

If in my Books ought ſweet and gentle ſound,
Ought celebrating famous Acts is found,
Witleſs thou deem'ſt, a dry Bone valu'ſt more,
Than ſuch choice Morſels of the nobleſt Boar:
If Ranc'rous Spleen be thy belov'd Diſeaſe,
My Candid Vein will ne're thy Malice pleaſe.

Ep. 47. *To* Julius Martialis.

What our Lives render moſt at eaſe,
My deareſt *Martial*, they are theſe:
A 'State that's left, not got with Toyl;
A conſtant Fire, a fruitful Soyl;
A quiet Life, from Law-Suits free;
But ſeldom that the Gown doth ſee;
Ingenuous Strength, a Body ſound;
Prudent Plainneſs, Friends equal found;
An artleſs Board, with eaſie Fare;
A Night not Drunk, but free from Care;

A Bed not ſowre, and yet that's Chaſte;
Sound Sleep, that makes Night ſeem to haſte;
Nought elſe, but what thou art, to wiſh to be,
The laſt Hour not to fear, or preſs to ſee.

Ep. 49. *On* Cotta.

When rich *Opimian* Wine thy ſelf doſt quaff,
Turn th' Amethyſtin Glaſſes often off,
Thou vile *Sabinum* offer'ſt unto me,
And ſay'ſt, wilt drink in Gold? To ſhew th'art free.
Who cares (thy Sordid Nature to unfold,)
For Leaden Wine, thô in a Cup of Gold?

Ep. 51. *To* Fanſtinus.

Now that the Vernal Conſtellations chace
The Winter's Rage, and Earth renews her Face;
Now the Fields ſmile, and Trees freſh Verdures take,
And *Philomel* her charming 'Plaints does make;
What Days, what Joys, does *Rome* from thee withhold?
What Eaſe from City Toyl, not to be told?

O Woods! O Founts! O *Anxur*'s pleasant Strand!
Where rolling Waves wash o're the glitt'ring Sand,
Where ev'n from Bed you divers Waters see,
Here Boats on Rivers glide, there on the Sea.
But some will urge, You do not here behold
The Capitol, the Temples rich with Gold
Embelish'd, which in Gorgeousness draw nigh,
The Heav'ns they represent, and with them vye;
Rome's august Bathes, nor Theatres, are here,
Her Grandeur does not in the least appear.
Before you, both Advantages, I lay,
And now, I fancy, I do hear you say,
As Men, when with Ill Wives they can't agree,
Rome, **Take what's thine, render what's mine to me.*

* These were the form of Words used in Divorces.

Ep. 53. *An Epitaph on* Scorpus.

I am that *Scorpus*, Glory of the Race,
Rome's admir'd Joy, but Joy for a short space.
Among the Dead, *Fates* early me enroll'd,
Numb'ring my Conquests, they did think me old.

Ep.

Ep. 57. *To* Sextus.

You 'd wont to ſend a Pound of Plate each year,
But half a Pound does now from you appear,
And that of Spice. I buy not Spice ſo dear.

Ep. 59. *On his Lazy and Nice Readers.*

If one ſole Epigram takes up a Page,
You turn it o're, and will not there engage;
Conſulting not its Worth, but your dear Eaſe;
And not what's Good, but what is Short, does pleaſe.
I ſerve a Feaſt with all the richeſt Fare
The Market yields; for Tarts you only care.
My Book's not fram'd ſuch liq'riſh Gueſts to treat;
But ſuch as Bread prefer, and ſolid Meat.

Ep. 61. *An Epitaph on* Erotion.

Erotion's early Ghoſt repoſeth here,
By Crime of *Fates* extinct in his Sixth Year.
Who after me is Owner of this Field,
Grudge not the Dead th'annual Rites to yield:
On all thou haſt, ſo may good Fortune ſhine,
And nought, beſide this Stone, be ſad that's thine.

Ep. 65. *To* Carmenion.

When thou doſt boaſt thy ſelf of *Corinth* free,
And none can this Pretence deny to thee;
Carmenion, unriddle by what Claim
Thou call'ſt me *Brother*, that was born in *Spain*.
So much do we reſemble one th'other,
That 'tis for Likeneſs thou may'ſt call me *Brother*?
Thou always comb'd and curl'd doſt trimly go,
My harſh unruly Hair no Laws will know;
Thy Skin with Ointment's ever ſoft and ſleek,
Mine is o'regrown with Briſtles rough and thick;
In Liſping Speech thou greatly doſt rejoyce,
My Daughter ſpeaks with a more Manly Voice;
A Dove more like an Eagle does appear,
Than thou to me; a Lion to a Deer.
The name of *Brother*, prithee, then let fall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt, I ſhould thee *Siſter* call.

Ep. 66. *On* Theopompus.

Who could ſo Cruel, who ſo Brutiſh be,
As for a Cook, *Theopomp*, to uſe thee?
Could any ſoil that Face ſo ſweetly Fair?
Condemn to Soot and Greaſe that lovely Hair?
None worthier with the Chriſtal Glaſs to ſtand,
And praiſe the Wine with his more Chriſtal Hand.

For

For ſuch a Fate, if beauteous Boys muſt look,
Next News we hear; *Jove* doats upon a Cook.

Ep. 70. *To* Potitus.

That ſcarce one Book I publiſh in a Year,
Potitus, ſloathful I to thee appear:
But more, that One I write, thou may'ſt admire,
Conſid'ring how much Time does, loſt, expire.
At early Morn I give, the Great, Good Day;
Next, to my own Affairs, ſome Time I pay;
To *Dian*'s Temple oft I'm made to ſpeed,
To witneſs to a Will, or ſign a Deed;
Then i'th' Courts of Law I'm forc'd to attend,
I'th' Worſhip of the Gods ſome Time to ſpend;
And when a Poet does his Works recite,
To give a Day, is held a thing but light;
Nor can I this deny to thoſe that Plead,
To thoſe on Rhet'rick, and on Grammar read;
Congratulate I muſt each Friend's Succeſs,
Thô I, on like account, ne're knew Addreſs;
Now harraſs'd out, at Even, 'tis time to think
Of my * *Days Hire*, to purchaſe Meat and Drink,
To tend my ſelf, towards the Bathes to look.
What Time is here, *Potitus*, for a Book?

* *Sportula.*

Ep.

Ep. 74. *To* Rome.

Spare a tir'd Client, now at length, proud *Rome*:
How long must I submit unto the Doom,
To trot among the Daggled-Ushering-Train
Of poorer Gown-men, Leaden Coin to gain?
While * *Scorpus*, in one Hour alone o'th' Day,
Whole Bags of radiant Gold can bear away?
I do not as'k the Merit of my Book,
For Flocks in rich *Apulian* Pastures look;
For *Glebes* of *Nile*, or *Hybla*'s Honey Fields,
Or yet the Gen'rous Vines *Setinus* yields.
What is't, dost then require, which me would please?
To sleep my fill, and pass my Days in Ease.

* *A Chariot-driver.*

Ep. 75. *On* Galla.

Galla, times past, ask'd me an hundred Pound:
And 'twas not much, where such a Form was found.
After one Year, Fifty was her Demand:
Methought, she now was at a dearer hand.

Some

Some time laps'd: Says ſhe, Twenty you'l beſtow?
Ten I ſhall gladly: But ſhe anſwer'd, No.
Two or three Months, I know not wch, paſs'd more:
Then ſhe ask'd Nobles, and of them, but four,
And I refus'd. Well, ſend a hundred Pence:
But this ſeem'd then too much, and I went thence,
She next, my poor dry *Sportula* did crave.
Good truth, ſaid I, that to my Boy I gave.
Was 't poſſible, that ſhe ſhould lower go?
Yes: *Gratis* ſhe offer'd, and I ſaid, No.

Ep. 76. On Mevius.

Does this thing, *Fortune*, equal ſeem to thee,
That One not of a *Syrian* late ſet free,
Or from a Slave hoiſt to a Knight's Degree,
But of *Rome* born, of *Romulus* own Race,
Juſt, Friendly, Good, in Wit to none gives place,
Learn'd in both Tongues, whoſe Crime is only this,
(But 'tis a Great One) *He a Poet is*;
Should ſhiver in a Garment poor and old,
While a vile Jocky branches it in Gold?

Ep. 80. *On* Eros.

Eros drops Tears, when e're he does behold,
Fair Jewels, Pictures, Antick Works of Gold;
Sighs from his Heart, that Home he cannot bear,
What e're the Shops expose of Glorious Ware.
How many do the same, but make no show?
Laugh at such Tears, and yet the same Grief know.

Ep. 89. *On the Statue of* Juno.

Thy *Juno*, *Polyclet*, (most matchless Piece!)
May well contest the proudest Hand of *Greece*.
Had but the Goddess shone with such a Grace
In *Ida*, both her Rivals had given place.
Thô his own *Juno*, *Jove* did nere approve,
Before his brightest Strumpets thine he'l love.

Ep. 96. *To* Avitus.

That I so often talk of Remote Lands,
My native *Salo* thirst, and *Tagus* sands;
The Plenty of a homely Farm desire:
And yet grow Old in *Rome*, thou dost admire.

That

That Place, *Avitus*, moſt does pleaſe, in which
A little Wealth both Riots, and makes Rich.
The barren Field muſt here be ever fed,
Which there, Untill'd, will give the Owner Bread.
The Niggard Fire ſcarce warms the Chimny here,
The bounteous blaze, there y^e^ whole houſe do's cheer.
Here Hunger's dear, the Shambles all confound,
Thy Table's loaden there from thine own Ground.
Four Gowns a Year are here conſum'd, and more,
There one will ſerve, to rub out the whole four.
Go then, the Great adore: What they deny,
Thy Field alone, *Avitus*, will ſupply.

Ep. 100. *To the Stealer of his Verſes.*

Why doſt thou mix my Verſes, Fool, with thine?
What has thy jarring Strain to do with mine?
Why doſt thou yoke the Lion, and the Aſs?
Seek to make Owls, for noble Eagles, paſs?
Had'ſt thou, *fond Sot*, ſwift *Ladas* Foot, for one,
The other Wood, in vain it were to run.



LIB. XI.

Ep. 4. *To his Book.*

NOT only thoſe at Eaſe my Verſes love,
And the more Civiliz'd my Muſe approve:
But the rough Soldier does my Leaves o'relook,
'Mong Snows and Martial Enſigns reads my Book.
The *Britains* too are ſaid, my Verſe to ſing.
But what does this unto my Coffers bring?
What living Numbers from my Quill would flow?
What Blaſts would my *Pierian* Trumpet blow?
If as *Auguſtus* now again does reign.
I[illegible] could obtain.

Ep. 6. In Praiſe of Nerva.

Thy love of Right and Juſtice, *Cæſar*, 's more,
Than *Numa*'s was, and *Numa* yet was poor.
'Tis rare, when Riches cannot taint the Mind,
In *Cræſus* Wealth, a *Numa*'s Soul to find.
If our old *Romans* of Renowned Name,
(Diſpens'd with in *Elizium*) hither came,
Camillus, thee t' obey, would think it free;
Fabricius would take Gold, if giv'n by thee;
In ſuch a King *Brutus* would take delight;
Sylla, to thee, reſign th' Imperial Right;
Cæſar and *Pompey*, private Men would live;
And *Craſſus* his lov'd Treaſure to thee give;
Cato himſelf, if *Fates* would ſet him free,
Return'd to Earth, *would a Cæſarean be.*

Ep. 14. *An Epitaph on* Paris *the Player.*

Who paſſes the *Flaminian* way,
At this Innobled Marble ſtay.

The City's Darling, *Egypt*'s Wit,
Who Art and Grace the beſt did hit,
And Mirth unto all Humours fit.
The Grief, the Glory, of *Rome*'s Stage,
The Love, the Beauty, of the Age,
Do here entomb'd with *Paris* lye,
And did with him together dye.

Ep. 28. *To* Flaccus.

Th'art Iron, *Flaccus*, if to ſuch a Dame,
Who begs vile Gifts, thou can'ſt keep up a Flame;
Cow-heels does ask, Tripes, Sprats, & Scraps of Fiſh,
And a whole Pompion, holds too much, to wiſh:
To whom her Maid, joyful to have got, does pour
Cheap Pulſe, which greedily ſhe does devour:
And when ſhe's bold, and will all ſhame depoſe,
Begs Yarn enough to knit a pair of Hoſe.

My Wench Perfumes exacts, both Rich and Rare,
Rubies and Pearls, and thoſe muſt alſo Pair;
Choice *Naples* Silk, with her, will only paſs,
An hundred Crowns in Gold, ſhe begs, like Braſs.

Give

Give I ſuch Gifts, doſt ſay, a Miſs to pleaſe?
No: But I'd have her Merit ſuch as theſe.

Ep. 30. *On an old wanton Lady.*

When with Careſſes thou would'ſt me excite,
All Virile Pow'r thou doſt extinguiſh quite:
For when thou call'ſt me *Love*, thy *Life*, and *Dear*,
The Surfeit I digeſt not in a Year.
Theſe were due Arts, when thou wert Young & Fair,
Thou doſt not know what Aged Toyings are.
I give thee, Martial, ſay, *Ten thouſand Pound*,
My Mannor Houſe, with all the fertile Ground;
I give thee Jewels, Plate, whole Caves of Wine.
Theſe, without Love-Tricks, will to Love encline.

Ep. 33. *On* Neſtor.

When not a Pan of Coals, a rotten Bed,
A Mat thou haſt, whereon to lay thy Head,
A Coat, a Boy, a Child, a bare-bon'd Jade,
A Dog, a Diſh, towards the Beggars Trade:

Yet *Neſtor* thou affect'ſt, *Poor to be ſaid*,
And 'mong the People tax'd, and have a Head.
Th' aſpir'ſt in vain unto ſuch high Eſteem.
Who *Nothing* has, a *Rogue*, not *Poor*, we deem.

Ep. 35. *On* Aper.

I'th' Houſe th'aſt bought, none but an Owl will dwell,
So dark, ſo ſtreight, ſo ruinous the Cell.
But *Maro*'s ſplendid *Villa* is hard by,
Here trimly thou wilt eat, thô ſordid lye.

Ep. 36. *On* Fabullus.

When thou invit'ſt a Crowd, and Strangers all,
Wonder'ſt I come not alſo at thy Call?
A Crowd to me, and Solitude, are one,
And I, *Fabullus*, never Sup alone.

Ep. 38. *On* Zoilus.

Why *Zoilus* doſt thou bury, not enfold,
A Di'mond ſpark in a whole pound of Gold?
When late a Slave, this Ring thy Leg might wear,
But ſuch a Weight thy Finger cannot bear.

Ep.

Ep. 45. *On one Old and Childiſh.*

Now th' art Childleſs, Rich, above meaſure Old;
The Love profeſs'd to thee, ſincere doſt hold?
True Love I have found. Yes, when Young and Poor;
Who love thee now, do love thy Death much more.

Ep. 53. *To* Julius.

Trimly to Sup, *Julius*, I thee invite:
If better be not offer'd, come to Night.
We'l bathe together, at Eight a Clock be here,
Nero's Baths to my Houſe, you know are near.
Melons, Figs, for an Ante-paſt, I'l ſerve,
With other Regalio's, are deem'd to have
The grateful Properties Health to preſerve,
And quicken Appetite. If y' ask, What more?
I'l lye, to make you come. Oyſters, Wild Boar,
Choice fatted Fowl ta'en from the Coop or Pens,
Thoſe nobler yet, that range the Woods and Fens:
Such as ev'n *Stella* rarely does afford,
Thô altogerher Princely is his Board.
I'l promiſe more. No Verſes I'l recite,
To hear yours read, I dedicate the Night,

Your

Your *Giants War*, your *Art of Tilling Fields*,
Which not in Worth t'immortal *Virgil*'s yields.

Ep. 57. *On* Cheremon.

That Death thou ſo immod'rately doſt praiſe,
Thou hop'ſt in all Aſtoniſhment to raiſe.
This Courage a crack'd Pitcher does inſpire,
A Chimny cold, without a Spark of Fire;
A Couch, with Straw and Vermin, only dight,
A curtal thread-bare Coat, for Day and Night.
How *Great a Man* art thou, can'ſt bid farewel
To Brown-bread Cruſts, Wine-Lees, a naſty Cell?
Go to: Let now thy Bed be ſtrutting full
Of ſofteſt Down, thy Blankets ſcarlet Wool;
Let her, lye by thee, Graces ſo the Feaſts,
And more, than all the Wine, inflames the Gueſts.
Oh, how thou'dſt wiſh, thou might'ſt live *Neſtor*'s Years!
How ev'ry Minute loſt, thou'dſt count with Tears!
In a Poor State, their Lives, Men eas'ly give;
He's held the Braveſt then, that dares to live.

Ep.

Ep. 58. *To* Severus.

That I invite, and Verſes to thee ſend,
Wonder'ſt, *Severus*, Rich and Learned Friend?
Jove, fated with *Ambroſia*, ſtill doth live;
Yet Wine and Frankincenſe to *Jove* we give.
If, with Abundance full, thou doſt reject,
Such as thou haſt, there's nought thou can'ſt accept.

Ep. 70. *On the Bitch* Lydia.

I trained was by Maſters of the Game, (tame;
I'th' Field no Hound more fierce, i'th' Houſe more
Lydia my Name, my Owner's right Hand held,
Erigones Dog, not me, in Faith excell'd,
Nor *Lelaps* yet, for whoſe great Truth 'tis told,
By *Jove* among the Stars he was enroll'd.
Like* *Argus* a long Life I did not ſpend *Uhyſſes Dog.
In Sloth, by uſeleſs Age brought to my End:
But the fierce Tuſks of an enraged Boar,
Like that of *Calydon*, my Entrails tore.
Nor of my early Death do I complain,
A nobler Fate I could no way ſuſtain.

Ep. 72. *On* Leda.

To her old Husband *Leda* made her moan,
That her Hysterick Fits were helpless grown:
And that her Life, no hope there was, to save,
Unless her Honour, for her Life, she gave.
But Sighing then, and drown'd in Tears, she said,
Than that way cur'd, 'twere better to be Dead.
The old Man begg'd, that she her Life would spare,
And of her youthful Years have tender Care:
Said, He'd give leave that others might supply,
What Age in him did in her help deny.
Straight young and able Doctors, *Leda* knew,
Were sent for; and the Women all withdrew.
They laid her gently on her Bed, for cure.
Ah cruel Help, says she, that I endure!

Ep. 77. *To* Petus.

To pay ten Pound I owe, you press me sore,
'Cause other ways y'ave lost two hundred more.
Let not the Crimes hurt me of other Men:
If thou can'st lose two Hundred, pardon Ten.

Ep.

Ep. 85. *On* Antiochus.

Who loves his Life, and ſeeks not yet to dye,
Antiochus, the Barber, let him fly.
The *Phryg'an* Prieſts not ſo remorſeleſs launce
The Fleſh, as he, in their inſpired Dance;
Surg'ons, their Patients, not ſo in Bloud embrue,
When from them Limbs, like Carpenters, they hew.
He's only fit to trim a Horſes Mane,
Or elſe ſome Stoick, who contemns all Pain.
Prometheus would chuſe the Rock, rather have
The Vulture gnaw his Heart, than feel him ſhave;
Pentheus would ſooner to *Agave* fly,
Orpheus to th' *Menades*, thô ſure to dye,
Than twice *Antiochus*'s Razor try.
The Scars you ſee upon my martyr'd Face,
Which worſe than Wrinkles of Old Age diſgrace,
Not one my froward Wife's curs'd Nails did tear,
But he whoſe Hands, leſs than his Irons, ſpare.
The Goat, of all the Creatures, is moſt wiſe,
Who wearing 's Beard, *Antiochus* does deſpiſe.

Ep. 87. *On* Parthenopeus.

To eaſe thy Throat, & thy rough Cough aſſwage,
Honey's preſcrib'd, 'gainſt its impetuous Rage,
Paſteels, Marchpanes, and all ſuch Knacks, whereby
Children are ſtill'd, when they do fiercely cry:
But yet theſe, day nor night, thy Cough appeaſe.
Haſt thou a Cold, or Liquoriſh Diſeaſe?

Ep. 92. *An Epitaph on* Canace.

Æolian Canace here entomb'd doth lye,
Who, in her early Flow'r of Age, did dye.
O Sad and Cruel Chance! Thy Tears reſtrain,
Of her Untimely Death we don't complain,
But what's more Tragick yet, our Eyes deplore;
The manner of her Death, than Death was more.
An horrid Cancer ſeiz'd her lovely Face,
Devour'd and poiſon'd all her youthful Grace,
Spar'd not her roſie Mouth, *Love's* Seat of Bliſs
But eat the Lips, that raviſh'd with each Kiſs.
This dire Diſeaſe we juſtly curſe and blame,
That left but half her Face to th' Fun'ral Flame.
If with ſuch winged Speed Fate needs muſt come,
Why yet ſo barb'rous and ſevere the Doom?
Her charming Speech Death haſted to ſuſpend,
Leſt rigid Gods, mov'd by her Words, ſhould bend.

Epi

Ep. 93. *On* Zoilus.

Zoilus, he ly'd, who ſaid, Thou Vicious wert:
When not Vicious, but Vice it ſelf, thou art.

Ep. 94. *On* Theodore, *an ill Poet.*

Flames, *Theodore*'s Pierian Roofs, did ſeize.
Can this *Apollo*, this the *Muſes*, pleaſe?
O over-ſight of Gods! O dire Diſaſter!
To burn the harmleſs Houſe, and not the Maſter.

Ep. 99. *To* Baſſus.

Thoſe *Kiſs* in *Rome*, no means there is to ſhun,
They meet you, ſtop you, after you they run,
Preſs you before, behind, to each Side cleave,
No Place, no Time, no Men, exempted leave;
A dropping Noſe, ſalv'd Lips, can none Reprieve,
Gangrenes, foul running Sores, any relieve;
They kiſs thoſe Sweat, & thoſe that ſhake with Cold,
Lovers, their Miſtreſs laſt Kiſs, cannot hold;
A Chair is no Defence, with Curtains guarded,
With Door and Windows ſhut, and cloſely warded,
The *Kiſſers*, through a Chink, will find a way,
Preſume the Tribune, Conſul's ſelf to ſtay;
Nor can the awful Rods, or Lictor's Mace,
His ſtounding Voice away the *Kiſſers* chace,

But

But they'l aſcend the *Roſtra*, Curule Chair,
The Judges kiſs, while they give Sentence there.
Thoſe Laugh they kiſs, and thoſe that Sigh & Weep;
Thoſe that do Yawn, and thoſe that are aſleep;
Thoſe who do bathe, and recreate at the Pool,
Who are withdrawn, to eaſe themſelves at Stool.
Againſt this Plague, I know no Fence, but this,
Make him thy Friend, whom thou abhorr'ſt to kiſs.

Ep. 103. *On* Lydia.

He ly'd not, *Lydia*, who pronounc'd thee Fair.
For Fleſh and Bloud, none may with thee compare.
This is moſt true, while thou doſt Silent ſtand,
Like ſome Rare Piece of a Great Maſter's Hand.
But when thou ſpeak'ſt, ev'n ſuch thy Beauty's gon,
And their own Tongue none ever ſo did wrong.
Let not the *Ædile* hear thee Silence break:
It is a Portent, if an Image ſpeak.



LIB. XII.

Ep. 4. *To* Priſcus.

AS fam'd *Mecenas* ſprung of Kingly Race,
Did *Horace*, *Varius*, mighty *Maro*, grace:
My Verſe and endleſs Time, *Priſcus*, ſhall thee
No leſs my Gen'rous Patron ſpeak to be.
Wit, and the Name I have, thou giveſt both,
Whoſe Bounty does maintain my learned Sloth.

Ep. 6. *On* Nerva.

Now God's mild *Nerva* to the Empire give,
Unto the *Muſes* we may wholly live.
Clemency, wary Pow'r, and Faith upright,
Poſſeſs the Throne, and put all Fear to flight,

Thus pray the Nations, *Rome*, and Pious Throng,
Their Prince may ſtill be ſuch, and this Prince long.
Enlarge thoſe Virtues we ſo rare do ſee,
Which *Numa*'s, or elſe *Cato*'s pleas'd might be.
Beſtow, enrich, the poor Man's Stock extend,
What God's ſcarce give, let thy free Bounty ſend.
'Tis lawful now, and ſafe; but then thou durſt,
Ev'n in a wicked Reign and Age, be Juſt.

Ep. 10. *On* Africanus.

African Millions has, and yet does groan,
Fortune can give too much, enough to none.

Ep. 13. *To* Auctus.

To make a Gain of Anger, rich Men know.
'Tis cheaper to be Angry, than beſtow.

Ep. 17. *On* Lentinus.

Lentinus, that thy Feaver does remain
So many Days, thou ſadly doſt complain.
It bathes with thee, 'tis carry'd in thy Chair,
Eats Oyſters with thee, Muſhroms, Ven'ſon, Hare;

And drunk with nobleſt Wines 'tis often made,
Nor do theſe pleaſe, if not with Snow allay'd;
With Roſes crown'd, it ſumptuouſly does feaſt,
And in a purple downy Bed takes reſt.
While it with thee does fare ſo rich and well,
Think'ſt thou, with poor ſtarv'd *Dama* it will dwell?

Ep. 21. *On* Marcella.

Who can, *Marcella*, thee ſuppoſe to be
Of *Spaniſh* Birth, and our rough *Salo* free?
So Choice, ſo ſweetly Grac'd, that at firſt ſight,
The *Palace* challenge may in thee a Right.
Not one in the *Suburra* can compare
With thee, or who boaſts yet a courtlier Air.
Were other Beauties from the Nations ſought,
None would a *Latian* Dame, like thee, be thought.
Thou mak'ſt the City's loſs eaſie to be:
For thou alone art *Rome*, and more to me.

Ep. 25. *On* Theleſinus.

Money, without Pawn, th'art none; but at hand,
If for Security I'll gage my Land.

What thou'lt not truſt to me, thy ancient Friend,
To Trees and Mole-hills th'art content to lend.
Lo, the Delator, Wretch, impeaches thee,
Call now unto thy Patronage a Tree:
Exil'd, thou want'ſt a Friend with thee to go,
Can'ſt make a Field Companion of thy Woe?

Ep. 26. On an Unjuſt Friend.

'Cauſe thou, at early Morn, the Great does ſee,
And tread their Courts, thy ſelf of Lords Degree,
I, but a Knight, ſeem ſlothful unto thee,
That, at firſt Day, abroad I do not roam,
To bring, when tir'd, a thouſand Kiſſes home.
What thou doſt do, 's a Conſulſhip to gain,
Or elſe ſome wealthy Province to obtain.
I whom, to break my Sleep, thou doſt require,
And patiently to brook the Mornings Mire,
What get I, when my Toes break out a Door
Thrô my torn Shoo, and Clouds fierce Show'rs down pour,
And not a Servant have, dry Clothes to bring,
But while benum'd & drown'd you may me wring,

Leto-

Letorius ſends to call me to a Treat?
Be 't ne're ſo Rich, 'twere better never eat.
A Province is thy Lot, a Meal is mine,
My Toyl's the ſame, but not my Gain, with thine.

Ep. 32. *On* Vacerra.

O Jeſt and Shame of ſuch as Houſholds move,
When *July* comes, and do new Dwellings prove!
I ſaw thy Stuff, *Vacer*, thy Stuff I ſaw,
Which, for thy Rent, not ſeized on by Law,
Thy Landlord rather glad, ſuch Traſh to ſpare,
Thy red-fac'd Wife, with ſev'n red Hairs, did bear,
Help'd by thy Giant Siſter, and thy Mother;
Men thought the Furies there were got together;
For ſuch their Number was, and ſuch their Faces,
As if from *Hell* th'adſt fetch'd *Pluto*'s *three Graces*.
The *Irus* of thy Age, thou theſe didſt follow,
Thy Skin, like ſeaſon'd Box, all pale and yellow;
With Cold and Hunger, alſo dry'd and parch'd:
All Beggars-Buſh, the People thought, had march'd.
A two-legg'd Table, and a three-legg'd Bed,
There went, a Pan with Fire, on thine own Head.

A Sconce and Goblet all of maſſy Horn,
A Jordan, it ſelf piſſing, as 'twas born;
Stale Sprats and Pilchards could not be conceal'd,
Their obſcene Scent, their Preſence there reveal'd.
Nor did there want to go in State with theſe,
A Cantle of unſav'ry *Tholoſe* Cheeſe,
A Wiſp of Penyroyal, four Years old,
A Rope, which Onions had, but pick'd, and bald;
A Pot of Turpentine, thy Mother's Care,
The Brothel Dames, with ſuch, fetch off their Hair.
Why mock'ſt thou Landlords, and doſt Houſes ſee,
When *Gratis*, *Vacer*, may thy Dwelling be?
Such Pomp of Goods, ſuch Houſhold-Stuff pertains
To High-ways, Hedges, Bridges, and to Lanes.

Ep. 34. *To* Julius Martialis.

Thirty four Years, I take it, thou and I,
Julius, have kept each other company,
In which ſome Jarrs, with much content, did meet;
But yet the greateſt part was ever ſweet;

And ſhould I mark the Days with black and white
Stones, moſt would be the Number of the bright.

If in thy Life much Anguiſh thou'dſt avoid,
With griping Pangs not have thy Heart annoy'd,
Wed thy ſelf too much to the love of none,
Leſs thou wilt Joy, but leſs thou'lt alſo Groan.

Ep. 35. *On* Caliſtratus.

That thou may'ſt ſeem more freely to converſe,
Some paſt Venerial Crimes thou doſt confeſs:
But yet in this thou doſt not clearly deal,
Who tells ſuch Faults, yet fouler does conceal.

Ep. 36. *On* Labullus.

That none, but thou, does in theſe Days extend
A pinching Gift, unto a needy Friend,
Think not for this, th'art Noble. No? How then?
Only the *Beſt*, among the *Worſt of Men*.
In bounteous Acts the *Seneca's* reſtore,
The *Piſo's*; but then, thoſe of heretofore;
And 'mong the *Good*, thou'lt hold the *Loweſt Place*.
Would'ſt thou contend in ſwiftneſs of the Race?
Paſſerin, and fleet *Tiger*, then o'repaſs,
It is no Glory to out-run an Aſs.

Ep. 40. *On* Pontilianus.

Ill Verſes doſt thou make? I them admire.
Doſt drink? I the Debauch do carry higher.
Doſt lye? Aſſent I give. Doſt fart? I'm mum.
Gam'ſt thou? I am content to be o'recome.
One thing thou doſt alone, I muſt confeſs,
Which not to name, my Kindneſs does expreſs,
Will't nought for all return? Thou anſwer'ſt, Ay,
In my laſt Will. I ask no more, but Dye.

Ep. 46. *To* Claſſicus.

Zoilus and *Gallus* for their Poems had
Great Sums. Who ſays, That Poets now are Mad?

Ep. 48. *To a Sumptuous Treater.*

If Thruſh and Boar you ſerve, as common Meat,
Not as my *Higheſt Wiſh*, I take your Treat:
But if you think me Bleſs'd, would have me write
You down my Heir, for Oyſters; then good Night.
Treat.] The Supper yet is rare. *Mart.*] No doubt, moſt rare,
But what, to morrow, will be this day's Fare?
Nay, within an hour? The unhappy Broom
And Mop can beſt declare, whoſe wretched Doom
It is to know; or elſe ſome Jakes or Sink,
Or hungry Dog, that ridd away the Stink.

And

And then, with your high Meats w'are ſure to meet
A Jaundice Colour, and Gout-torturing Feet.
Minerva's Feaſt I weigh not at that rate,
Nor *Jove*'s ſet out with greater Pomp and State.
Should Gods impute their Nectar unto me,
Vile, as the Lees of Vinegar, 'twould be.
For your Choice Meats ſome other Gueſts then find,
Who ſuits a proud Board with a ſervile Mind:
T' extemp'ry Meals let a Friend me invite,
That Treat does like me beſt, I can requite.

Ep. 50. *On one that had a Gay Houſe.*

Th'aſt Groves of Choiceſt Trees, Bathes more than one,
But, for more State, w^ch ſerve to thee alone;
Thy Portico's, on Columns high, do ſoar,
The trampled Onyx glifters on thy Floor;
The winged Chariots praiſe thy ſandy Race;
The murm'ring Founts run waſte in ev'ry place;
Large are thy Courts, and Spacious is thy Hall;
But Place, to eat or ſleep, th'aſt none at all,
Of uſeful Rooms I can no Story tell.
How rarely, we may ſay, thou doſt not Dwell!

Ep. 51. *On* Fabullus.

Wonderſt, *Fabullus* oft deceiv'd, to ſee?
A Good Man will, a Novice, ever be.

Ep.

Ep. 53. *To* Sparſus.

Why to the Country I ſo oft retire,
A rude and barren Farm, if you enquire?
The Town, no place for Reſt, or Thoughts, does leave
The Mean; School-boys i'th' Morn our Sleeps bereave,
The Bakers Mills at Night, and the whole Day
The Braziers and the Coyners Hammers play;
Hemp-beaters their dull Thumpings never ceaſe,
Nor *Mars*'s raving Prieſts e're hold their peace;
Pity to move, the Wreck'd, forc'd Voices uſe,
As, by their Mothers taught, do begging *Jews*;
The loud Vociferations not to tell,
Of thoſe that Brooms and Brimſtone-matches ſell;
The clam'rous Factors of ſuch viler Ware,
Care to be heard, but not whoſe Ears they tare.
When that the Moon's eclips'd, you may as well
The Tinklings of the Pans and Kettles tell,
The Tintamars, when Witches her moleſt,
As count the various Dins the Town infeſt.

Spar-

Stertus, you know not this, nor can it know;
So much you to your Princely Mannor owe,
Which ſeated on a ſweet and pleaſant Plain,
Ev'n Solitude of Mountains does diſdain;
Where you the Country, in the Town, enjoy,
Vignerons, in the depth of *Rome*, employ;
Nor in *Campania* does the nobleſt Hill
Yield richer Wines, than thoſe your Veſſels fill.
What is there Uſeful or Delightful found,
But in your Lordly Precinct does abound?
Your profound Sleeps, trouble from nought, receive,
The Day is not admitted, without leave.
But wretched we, thoſe thrô the Streets that walk,
Awake, while they but only Laugh or Talk.
All *Rome* is by our Couch: When Reſt I'd take,
To Bed I go not, but a Journy make.

Ep. 54. *On* Zoilus.

Thy Eyes ſquint, Foot's ſhort, Beard's black, and (Hair's red,
'Tis ſtrange, if alſo Good, *Zoilus*, thou can'ſt be ſaid.

Ep.

Ep. 56. *On* Polycarmus.

Th'art ten times ſick, or oft'ner, in a Year,
Which makes thy Friends, not thee, of a ſad Cheer;
Who, for thy new Health, ſtill new Gifts muſt ſend.
Sicken, for ſhame at laſt, and make an end.

Ep. 61. *On* Sabellus.

Upon thy Birth-day pale and ſad thou art,
For fear the Cooks ſhould fail to play their Part;
Or that the Ladies want Snow for their Wine,
Or rightly in the Glaſs it ſhould not ſhine;
Th'art moſtly from the Board, the Gueſts to cheer,
Or whiſper fond Excuſes in their Ear;
And find'ſt not, thou art Starv'd, (which is the Jeſt)
At thine own Splendid and Voluptuous Feaſt.
What Frenzy's this, of thine own Choice to do,
What ev'n a Slave would not ſubmit unto?
All elſe, but thee, partake the Day's Delight;
But thou doſt need, th'Invited thee invite.
Sit down, indulge thy Soul, the Gueſts all pray.
Is this thy Birth, or Execution, Day?

Ep. 62. *On* Ligurra.

Left my ne're Dying Verse 'gainst thee I bend,
Thou much, *Ligurra*, seem'st to apprehend;
And worthy of this Danger would'st appear:
In vain thou acteſt this Vain-glorious Fear.
Libyan Lions with fierce Bulls engage,
Spend not on Butterflies their Nobler Rage.
If thou'dst be *Talk'd of*, which to thee is Fame,
From some Red-lattice Poet seek a Name.
Such who on Walls with Chalk and Charcoal write,
Fit Verses to be read, by those that Sh——
Thy Forehead is too base for me to brand,
I'l Stigmatize, by holding of my Hand.

Ep. 69. *To his Clients.*

For thy sake, *early Client*, I did fly
The City; th' Ambitious with Visits ply;
I am no Advocate, nor made for Strife,
But, old and slow, love a Poetick Life;
Seek Sleep and Leasure, which great Towns deny,
And here not found, back unto *Rome* I'l hie.

Ep.

Ep. 73. *On a Lawyer turn'd Farmer.*

Some Acres, and a House ready to fall,
You purchas'd have, joyning the Tombs o'th' *Gall*;
Deserted your rich Fields, the Courts of Law,
The certain Gains a tatter'd Gown did draw;
While yet a Pleader, Corn and Pulse you sold,
But buy all these, since you a Farm did hold.

Ep. 81. *To his Maid.*

I've giv'n you many things, on your desire,
Much more than I agreed for in your Hire:
And yet you never cease to ask me more.
Should I grant all, you would be thought my Whore.

Ep. 82. *On* Calliſtratus.

Thou praiſeſt All, to make thy Candor known;
But who All praiſes, truly praiſes None.

Ep. 92. *On* Maro.

Maro, for's aged Friend, ſorely oppreſs'd
With Sickneſs, thus in's hearing did proteſt.
If the Sick Man eſcapes the Shades below,
On *Jove* a thankful Off'ring I'll beſtow.
Good hopes, from thence, the Doctors 'gan to have,
Maro new Vows now makes, his firſt to ſave.

Ep. 94. *To* Priſcus.

What Man I'd be, thou often doſt demand,
Were I made Rich and Potent out of hand?
Think'ſt Men foreknow their Minds in ev'ry State:
What Lion then, wert one, would'ſt be? Relate.

Ep. 100. *He wiſhes* Jnſt. Rufus *an Happy Government.*

Betis, with Olive Garlands, deck thy Hair,
Who makes the Flock all Golden Fleeces bear,
To *Bacchus*, *Pallas*, and to *Neptune* dear,
For Wine, for Oyl, for Traffick without Peer.
May *Rufus*, in his Charge, ſucceſsful be,
His Year, like that is paſs'd, be lov'd by thee.
That *Macer* he ſucceeds, he's well aware,
Who knows his Burden, beſt the Weight can bear.

Ep. 102. *To* Mattus.

Who, when thou knock'ſt, denies at Home to be,
Says this, I am not now at Home to thee.

Ep. 103. *To* Milo.

Milo, thou various Goods doſt ſet to Sale,
Which thoſe that buy, to bear away, ne're fail;
Thy Wife is better Ware, who often ſold,
Stays with the Seller, and is ſtill good Gold.

LIB. IV. Epigr. 91.

To his Book.

OH, 'tis enough, it is enough, my Book,
Upon the utmoſt Page thou now doſt look;
Would'ſt thou ſwell further yet? Yet larger be?
Not leave thy Paragraphs and Margins free?
As if to ſome known Period thou did'ſt tend,
When ev'ry Epigram may be thy End.
Reader and Printer tir'd, no more can brook,
'Tis time thy Self pronounce the Laſt Line ſtrook,
Oh, 'tis Enough, Oh, 'tis Enough, my Book.

FINIS.

